

ONE YEAR AFTER—A SCIENTIFIC VERDICT ON THE LINDBERGH-HAUPTMANN RIDDLE

by DR. ERASTUS MEAD HUDSON

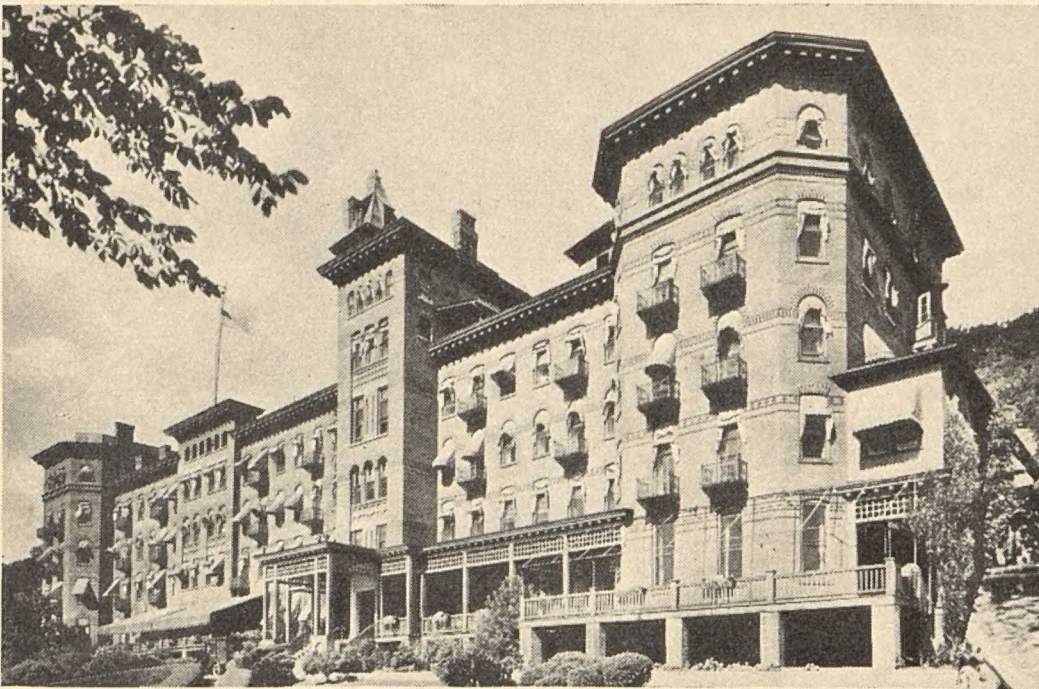
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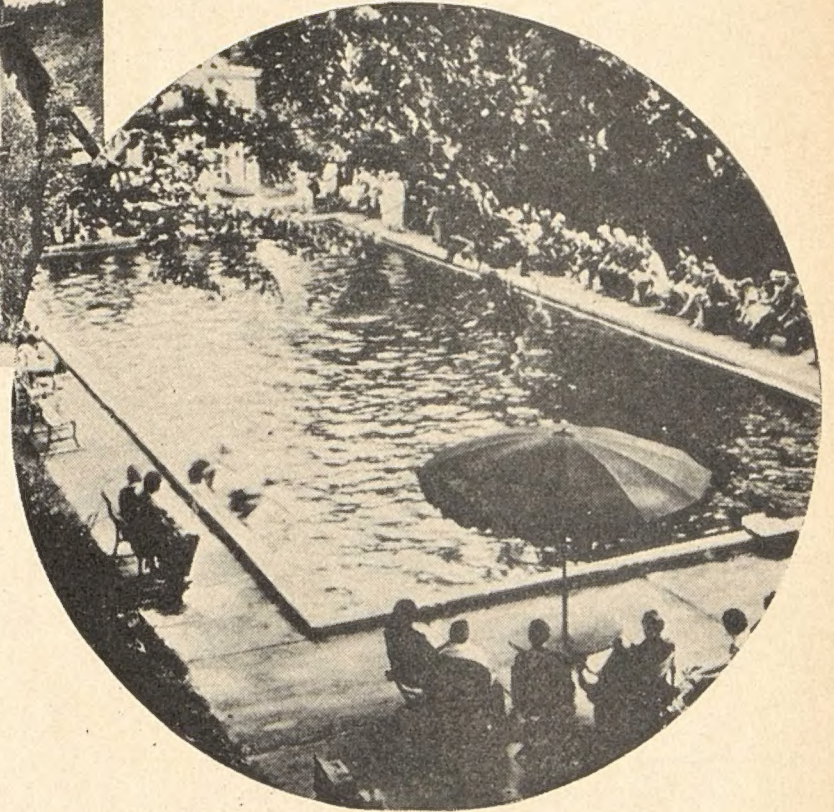


TEN GREATEST FOOLS IN HISTORY by CECIL B. DE MILLE
SECRET CHILD—A NEW NOVEL by PATTERSON DIAL

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is a
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LOVE ON THE AUCTION BLOCK

AS a nation we have made a world-wide record for unusual business acumen. The commercialization of almost everything is the order of the day.

We pretend to elevate romance to celestial heights. We go into raptures in poetry and song over Cupid's fascinating pranks, but much of this glorification is blatant hypocrisy.

We cry in dismay when we hear of slave girls being sold in semicivilized countries, but we often place love on the auction block. In the so-called social world we sell beautiful girls to the highest bidder. To be sure, the sale is not "out in the open." We hide this nauseating bargaining under cover of legalized marriage. Cupid doubtless hangs his head in shame when he views such degradation.

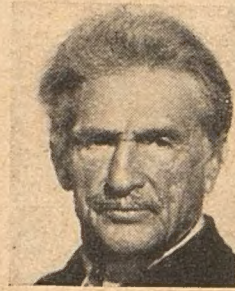
We attach great importance to our station in life, to the necessity of marrying in our own class. And those seeking a mate often have to accept "clothing dummies"—human derelicts—in following convention's demands, thus discarding forever the exquisite thrills that come with adherence to the yearnings of the human heart.

God Almighty's plan cannot be profitably diverted by paltry ambitions. The mating of human beings is divinely controlled, and the dominating desires of love cannot be ignored without severe penalties.

Mismating itself may be a sin and a crime; but when a money value is placed on love, when this divine instinct is thus outraged, there is indeed reason for unspeakable disgust.

Love is not something the value of which can be measured in dollars and cents. This compelling attachment has no meaning unless it is reciprocated. The ecstasies that come with a romantic mating can never be one-sided. They must be equally thrilling to both parties. Unless there is an even exchange such matings sink to the level of prostitution.

Love cannot be mechanically controlled. It often comes and goes without rhyme or reason, and when former lovers face suits for



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

damages running into huge sums, when a so-called romance is made a cheap racket, when our courts have to deal with the money value of human affections, racial degeneracy and ultimate oblivion are not far away.

Jay E. Darlington, an Indiana attorney, recently induced the legislature of his state to pass a law barring "heart balm." Although this enactment is less than two years old, its popularity is so pronounced that its supporters expect the unanimous

approval of every state in the Union. It has already passed the legislatures of Illinois, New Jersey, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New York. The Bar Association of New York State supported the measure; it has been carried to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York and the constitutionality of the law affirmed.

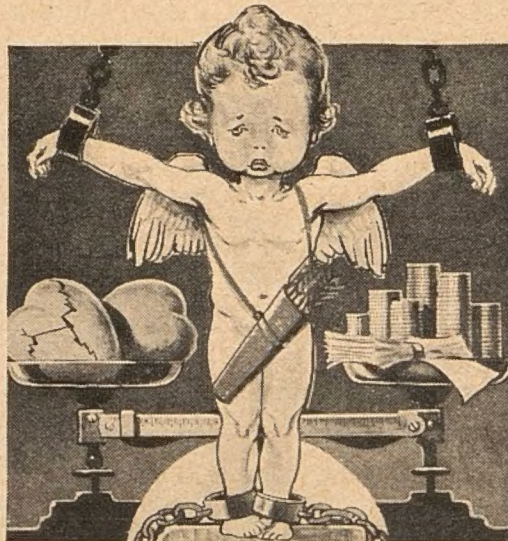
It is the contention of Mr. Darlington that the passage of this law is in the interest of public morals—that it will tend to abolish blackmailing lawsuits. He says this love racket has become a disgrace to the legal profession.

There are doubtless some instances where the victims of misguided affections deserve appropriate consideration and the guilty parties should be punished; but the vultures who commercialize their love life and try to extort huge sums from their prey deserve the disgust of decent people everywhere.

Mr. Darlington says he has no desire to protect playboys. That one of his objects is to prevent the "washing of dirty linen in public." Furthermore,

we have been taught to revere home life generally, and when it is dragged into the mire and filth of a disgusting family quarrel, we could at least hide the court proceedings in legal archives.

Sweetheart days, love, marriage, home building—they should be elevated, exalted. And when blackmailers and swindlers profit financially from such emotions they should be severely penalized.



Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING

Secret Child

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE BLAYLOCKS

THE cliffs dropped sheer to the highway that bordered Santa Monica Beach where the Pacific edged out in the ripples of a millpond. The sand was cluttered with bathers and the highway was a stream of automobiles.

But on top of the cliffs there was loneliness and quiet, and a wind that bent the wild grasses.

He drove his car with a futile endeavor to avoid the ridges and ragged holes in the neglected road cutting across the fields. The road stopped at the iron grillwork of a gate that broke the white brick of a high wall.

This was it, he supposed—the Blaylock place. A man in overalls appeared and stared out in surly silence, waiting for him to speak.

"I'm Marsden; from the office," he said. "By appointment to see Mr. Blaylock."

Without a word the man unlocked the gates and swung them open. Marsden could feel a searching stare following him as he drove up the gravel road curving through lawns to the white massiveness of the house.

A heavy carved door of oak swung open almost, it seemed to Marsden, as his hand touched the bell. It intensified his feeling that from the moment before he had entered the grounds his presence had been known in every part of the estate. But he could not suspect the aged face that beamed back at his announcement of himself. It was Pickwickian, round and red-cheeked, with eyes that chuckled behind silver-rimmed spectacles.

"This way, sir." The man's very shoes seemed to twinkle as he bounced plumply ahead of Marsden across the polished floor.

"If you'll wait here, sir."

Marsden walked into a cathedral gloom sliced by the shaft of light from a tall window framing the blue of sky and ocean; a vast room of paneled walls and timbered ceiling. Rather like a hotel lobby, Marsden thought.

He sank into a chair, but turned wildly as a cascading lewd laughter shattered the silence. No one was in sight; but a dissipated voice proposed:

"Let's go up to my room!"



There was an Indian starkness to her tanne

Marsden grinned. The blurred thickness of those consonants was parrot talk.

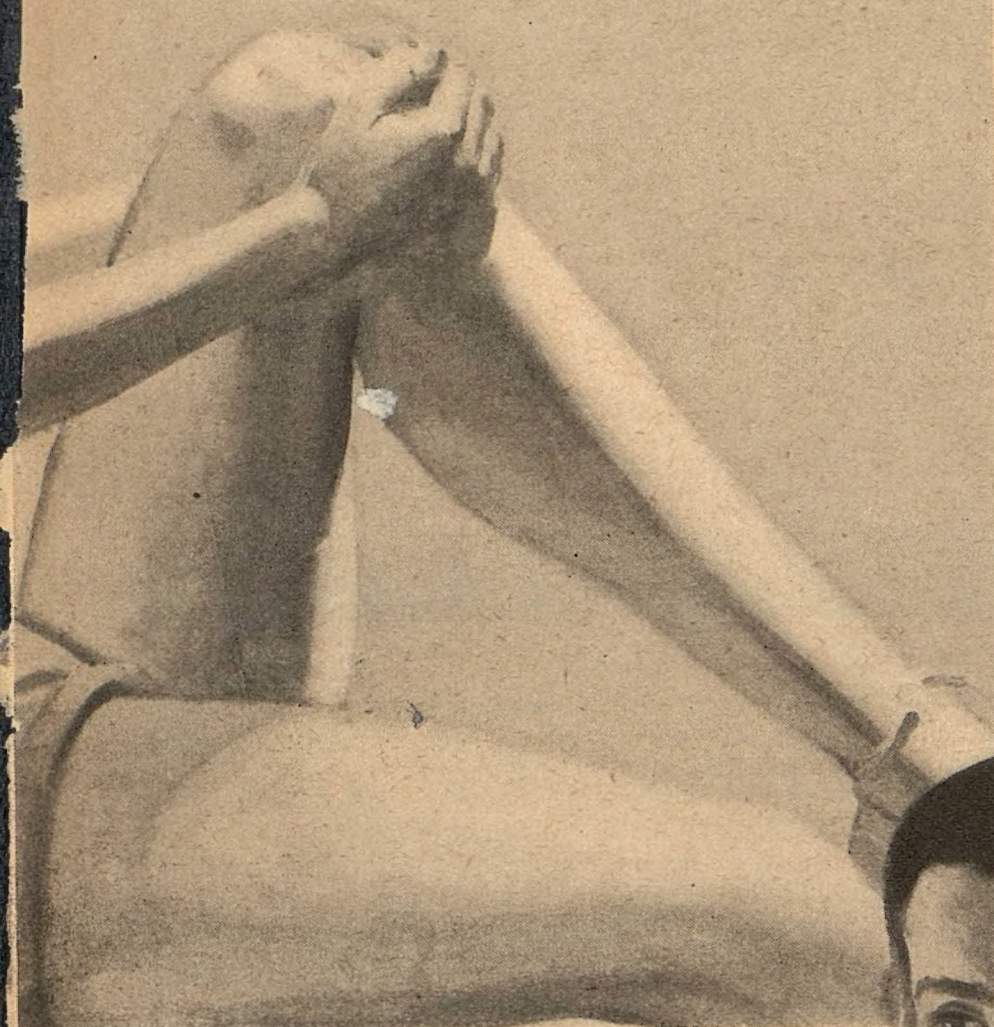
Over his shoulder he saw a door he hadn't noticed when he came in. It opened on a patio where salmon-pink bougainvillæa sprawled on the white walls, and ivy was a dark band outlining the lighter green of grass plots. In the distance he saw chairs and gay umbrellas at the edge of a swimming pool. A man in blue trunks lay on the diving board, a towel over his face, his long brown legs crossed and one foot twitching irritably.

The head of a parrot, upside down, dropped into view below the top of the door. The bird was evidently hanging by his claws from some sort of trellis. His green throat full and pulsed with a low secretive sniggering, his watchful eyes never leaving Marsden. He crawled to the ground and began to whistle Nagasaki with an ear-piercing shrillness.

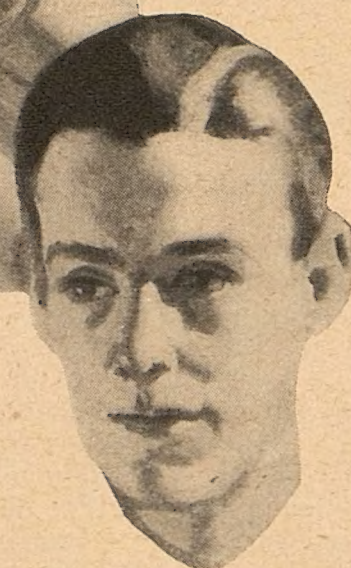
"Go away, you fool, or shut up!" a woman cried; and the bird squawked and fled. Marsden rose to his feet. The stillness was now broken only by a faint whisper of sound. Down there in the corner, the couch on the other side of that table—he could only see a portion of it—the sound had come from there. He tiptoed across the rugs, and stopped short, an imbecile amazement on his mouth.

by PATTERSON DIAL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILLIAM REUSS WING



face, heightened by cindery-black hair.



William Marsden

A girl, clad in swimming suit of trunks and brassière, lay sleeping on the beige damask, a scarlet cushion hugged to her stomach and one tanned leg slanting to the floor.

She wasn't a pretty girl. There was an Indian starkness to her tanned face, heightened by cindery-black hair. Her black brows were frowning and her lower lip was thrust out as if she were literally fighting for every moment she kept her conscious mind submerged.

Outside in the patio the parrot screamed. The girl winced and squeezed the lids down tight on her eyes.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, bird, shut up!" she muttered, and flounced over on her side.

Marsden crept to the door and waved his arms at the parrot, who suggested: "Let's go outside!"

Marsden smacked his hands softly. The bird laughed—a revolting cackination—and scuttled off toward the pool, where the man still lay.

There was a low moan from the couch. Marsden peered

into the shadows. The girl was still sleeping. He sat down, ill at ease and impatient with the entire Blaylock establishment. Yet, from what he'd heard, the Old Man always kept everybody waiting.

Roger Blaylock shunned publicity. But Crandall, head man at the office, had seen him. Crandall had served as Blaylock's personal secretary. Those who had so served were eventually and amply rewarded. Blaylock spread before them his vast holdings and let them take their choice of the companies.

Marsden had heard other talk, too: about the Old Man's strictly personal affairs and the goings on of his two motherless children.

To hear the office tell it, Blaylock's older child, a son by his first marriage, had been given a rotten deal; and all the Old Man's devotion was lavished on the child of his second marriage, his daughter Alice.

Marsden leaned forward in his chair to stare down the room at the sleeping girl. She was like Crandall's descriptions of the daughter—thin and small and black-haired.

"Sort of intense about everything," Crandall had said.

"And nuts; completely nuts."

Well, she was certainly intense about her sleeping. And the costume and place she'd chosen didn't speak much for her good sense.

Marsden leaned back in his chair, remembering the last thing Crandall had said before he had left the office: "The Old Man asked specially for you. If you live up to expectations—he's just about due for a change of secretaries. You may get the job."

But Marsden was content with the job he had. It was the first security he had known since he had been a student at Berkeley and had come home to Los Angeles to spend his vacations with his mother and father in the old house on Western Avenue—Dr. Henry Marsden's house. And now it had a sign across its porch: INST. OF HEALTH, HERBOLOGY, AND ELECTRONIC SCIENCE. Marsden knew he should hate the sign because his father would have hated it. But he had had no time for hating since his mother and father

had died and he found himself penniless in a suddenly jobless world.

Now there were jobs, and he had one, and those hard lonely years were behind him. Those years had left their mark on him. He was older than he should have been at his age. But he was enjoying himself, and doing well. He didn't think he'd want to change his sensible hard work for a position that, according to Crandall, consisted of being boss, companion, mind reader, and nurse to the entire Blaylock family.

The butler appeared between the crimson curtains.

A FINE NEW NOVEL, REAL AS LIFE ITSELF, OF MYSTERY, A GIRL'S STORM-TOSSED HEART, AND LOVE AGAINST STRANGE ODDS

Marsden saw the strap of a dog's leash in the man's fat hand; and, as he moved forward with his bouncing walk, what was tied on the other end of the leash came into view. It was the lid of a portable typewriter case. In it sat a tawny black-faced Pekingese who gave Marsden a look of imperial disdain.

The butler smiled blandly at Marsden and marched across the room, the box thumping on the rugs and the Pekingese holding himself steady with the pride of a monarch in a gilded coach while his plummy tail spilled out behind him and trailed on the floor.

"He loves it, sir," the butler told Marsden. "His 'Coney Island wagon,' Miss Allie calls it. You see, sir, it bounces rather like a contraption in—"

"Yes, I see," Marsden said, and sat in silence while the butler pulled the dog and his wagon out of the room.

"So you don't like Pekingese!"

Marsden turned to find the girl sitting up on the couch.

down and grabbed his feet and shoved him off into the water. He splashed hugely, came to the surface, climbed out, went to her, seized her around the waist and threw her out into the middle of the pool.

The butler appeared in the doorway and announced:

"Mr. Blaylock will see you now, sir."

Mr. Blaylock's study, Marsden saw, was even larger than the room he had just left, and it more than made up in clutter for the neatness of the other. Marsden strode toward a man who bent over a desk's bright light and peered at a yellowed paper through a magnifying glass.

"Mr. Blaylock?" Marsden asked. His foot hit something hard that fell to the floor in a series of thuds and sent him clutching the air for balance.

"Now look what you went and did!" This reprimand came in a treble piping from the floor.

Marsden looked down to see an angel's face, tan with



STEPHEN



ROGER



ANDREW



THE BUTLER

Her eyes were foggy and ill-tempered with drowsiness.

"Why," he began, "I don't exactly dislike them. I—"

"Yes, you do! Just a big he-man! When you come home at night you want your pipe and your slippers and your chair by the fire and a 'regular man's dog.' Babbitry, I call it!"

"I don't smoke a pipe," Marsden said coldly. "And I keep my shoes on until I go to bed."

"But you like big dogs that grovel and worship and wag their tails. My dog doesn't wag his tail twice in a day, and he wouldn't grovel even if you beat him to death."

"Have you ever tried it?" Marsden asked.

She stared at him. Then she said, each word flat and final:

"That was not kind."

"I'm sorry!" The moment he spoke he wished he hadn't. Why should he be kind to her? Flouncing up out of her sleep and attacking him this way.

"MY dog's name is James Smith," she told him in a tone whose pleasantness was evidently meant as her acceptance of his apology. Her eyes were clearer now. They were sherry-brown and enormous and very frank.

"Why James Smith?" Marsden asked, polite now himself and striving to keep the talk going. "I thought they were always called Wang or Chang or Poo or—"

"That's why," she said absently. Then she leaned forward and asked tensely: "You've been watching me sleep?"

He nodded.

"Did I snore? Tell me the truth. I want to know."

"You didn't—honestly!"

"Why, the liar!" she cried—and in one lovely swift rush got to her feet and diagonaled across the room to the patio.

Marsden watched her run through the sunlight to the swimming pool, her body, in its two brief strips of covering, a brown and pretty thing. She stopped at the diving board and began to talk and make gestures at the man who still lay there. He pulled the towel from his face, and Marsden saw he was blond and young. She bent

the pink glow of a peach and topped by a glinting mass of yellow curls. The child's plump legs were spread wide before a tumbled pile of books.

Mr. Blaylock jerked erect.

"Andrew!" he cried. "You still here?"

Marsden thought he heard terror in Blaylock's voice. Why? Marsden was sure he was mistaken as Mr. Blaylock came toward him, hand outstretched, his face unperturbed and kindly with a smile of greeting.

He looked at Marsden with the same directness that girl's eyes had held; that girl, Alice, who was this man's daughter. The resemblance was marked. But the thin strong contours which kept the girl from prettiness made an austere beauty of the masculine face. And the father had the height his daughter lacked; a height, and a gentleness of expression.

After shaking hands he stooped to the child and spoke as if to one of his own years:

"Can I help you, Andrew?"

"Oh, dear! I don't know!" Distractedly Andrew put hands like two fat starfish to his temples.

Blaylock lowered his thin length to the floor. He was not an old man. He looked up at Marsden. "Perhaps you'd like to help, too?"

"Of course!" Marsden sat down beside Blaylock. "I'm responsible for the downfall."

Blaylock contemplated the tumble of books. "Now, Andrew, just what was this before it fell down?"

"The house of Missus Bertha Billingsgate," Andrew said, sadly eying the ruins. "My father sang me about 'Missus Bertha Billingsgate and her billings-goat in his red redingote!'" he explained.

It was so fleeting that Marsden could scarcely believe he had seen it; but for a moment Blaylock's face was flexed and hard with hatred—hatred and a sort of tortured sorrow. He spoke gently to the child:

"I never heard that one."

It was plain that he adored the child; and pretty plain, Marsden thought, that he didn't adore the child's father.

A long time was consumed in rebuilding the Billingsgate residence to comply with Andrew's specifications. Marsden gave up all hope of getting the contracts signed, and joined as wholeheartedly as he could.



"I didn't mean to say that," she whispered. "Please forget it!"

As the last book was placed, a servant, under the benign supervision of the butler, trundled in a tea table.

The Pekingese, James Smith, entered grandly and jumped into a chair beside Mr. Blaylock, where he sat watching the food with an animation that dulled to a royal boredom when he looked at Marsden. Andrew climbed on a couch and sat astride its back.

Allie Blaylock appeared. She had changed into a white dress whose severe cut accentuated the slim lines of her body; and her hair was neat and clever. She looked older—not the kid she had seemed



THE GATEKEEPER

in that swimming suit, with her hair all mussed. Chic—it wasn't a word in Marsden's vocabulary, but it was what he thought she was. He liked her better as she had been—a brat of a girl whom he could meet on her own ground. Now she looked too perfectly the pampered daughter of the great Roger Blaylock.

At the sight of Andrew, she said to her father:

"What's Andrew doing in here?"

Her tone was sharp, and Marsden again thought he heard that terror he had imagined in Blaylock's voice. Mr. Blaylock said lightly, "Andrew's all right"; and as lightly she replied, "Fine!" and took her place before the tea table.

"Hello!" she said to Marsden. She spoke casually, her gaze brushing past him to her father just as the blond young man came in.

"Stephen Hunt," she told Marsden. Her glance shifted to question her father.

"Mr. Marsden, Steve," Blaylock supplied the name. "Mr. William Marsden from the office."

"He kicked down my house," Andrew said, trying to be sociable.

"But he rebuilt it," Mr. Blaylock said quickly, and pointed at the beautiful edifice.

"And a mighty fine job, too," Allie said. The look she gave Marsden was friendly and gay and asked his forgiveness for Andrew.

The Pekingese leaned over the edge of his chair and pressed a round paw on Blaylock's arm.

"All right, all right," Blaylock

placated, while Allie hastened to offer a saucer of cream. Andrew drank milk from a mug with owls' eyes painted on it, and the others drank tea.

Tea was evidently the occasion of the Blaylocks' day and they basked in the simple delight of being together. There was laughter and silly talk, punctuated by odd sounds from James Smith and one serious discussion of the relative speeds Andrew could achieve on his velocipede and his scooter.

Stephen Hunt contributed his share to the nonsense, and Mr. Blaylock treated him almost as if he were a member of the family. But Allie Blaylock looked through him and talked past him as if he weren't there, and he ignored her as well as he could.

When her father or the child spoke, Allie Blaylock listened, her pride in them and her love intense and eager in her eyes. She was lovely then. Marsden wondered how he could ever have thought her ugly.

The parrot outside gave a sharp whistle. James Smith, dozing on his chair, lifted his head and sniffed.

"Like a startled prawn," Andrew said, pointing at Smith.

Allie ran to the couch, knelt and hugged him.

"Prawn, Scooter?" She flung her head back to laugh up at him, her face radiant with something that was like the sunset light pouring down on her through the windows.

She did not know that she was beautiful. She did not feel the intentness of the eyes that watched her. She tumbled Andrew down from the back of the couch and left him in a spasm of giggles before she turned to Marsden with the abrupt question:

"You're going to stay with us, aren't you? You're going to be father's secretary?"

Mr. Blaylock answered her: "I haven't asked him yet, Allie. How could I?"

"Oh, of course! Wouldn't I forget!"

She explained to Marsden: "We had signals arranged. If he liked you he was going to introduce you by your full name. Then, if I liked you, I was going to ask you what you thought of the political situation."

She talked fast, trying to hide her embarrassment at the wary bewilderment of Marsden's gaze.

"It sounds as if I were the bossy type, meddling in my father's business. But it's not that, really. It's just that the secretary's always underfoot, or rather I am. And if the secretary and I don't get on, it's—"

"It's hell," Mr. Blaylock said.

"Won't you take the job?" Allie pleaded.

"I wish you would, Mr. Marsden," Blaylock urged. "I know it's inconsiderate of me to ask this way without any warning. But"—he shrugged—"I must have a secretary."

"He simply has to," Allie broke in. "And when he first sent word down to the office for you to come out, it was to see you sort of as a future possibility. But then last night poor Jed Crawford—"

Her father took the conversation away from her. "Last night he got word that his mother—"

"In England," Allie explained.

"Was critically ill," Mr. Blaylock went on calmly. "Crawford took a plane East last night and he sails today. Of course his assistant, Miss Meeker, is still with us. Miss Meeker has been with us for years."

"And very efficient she is, too," Allie said.

MR. BLAYLOCK nodded. "But there's more work here than one person can do. So"—he smiled apologetically—"I am forced to ask you in this abrupt manner. I hope you'll help us out, Mr. Marsden."

"You're going to, aren't you?" Allie said.

They were both looking at him with a sort of humble eagerness, as if he were a great man of whom they asked a favor.

Stephen Hunt's glance, bored behind a haze of cigarette smoke, went from Marsden's head to his feet. Unconsciously Marsden straightened his shoulders in his well cut tweed coat with no suspicion of how well he wore it.

"You'd better give in," Hunt said in a bored tone. "They won't stop till you do. They never do."

"It's not a question of giving in," Marsden floundered. "It's just that—"

"Let's go into the drawing room"—Mr. Blaylock stood up—"and talk it over."

Marsden could only smile and feel an utter fool.

As he followed Mr. Blaylock down the long room, Marsden found that he had decided. He was going to take the job. All the stories he had heard of its difficulties clamored in his mind. But he would not listen.

It had been Roger Blaylock's suggestion that Marsden stay for dinner, and Allie Blaylock's that he remain for the night. It was such a long drive back into Los Angeles, and he'd have to be back here anyway in the morning.

Resplendent in a pair of Stephen Hunt's pajamas—Hunt was a guest of the Blaylocks, a nonpaying but exacting boarder, he said—Marsden stretched himself flat in his bed. It was an enormous bed in an enormous room which would be his permanently, Mr. Blaylock had told him, if he found after a tour of the house that he preferred it to the others at his disposal. It seemed that, though Miss Meeker went home at night, the secretary was expected to live on the place.

HE sat up in bed. Every light in the room was on; bells were clanging all over the house. Outside he saw the broad beam of a searchlight sweeping across the night. He looked at his watch. Four thirty. Blank and staggering with sleep, he pulled on his borrowed dressing gown and rushed down through the noise and the lights to the entrance hall, where he found Allie Blaylock and her father firing questions at the servants who were pouring in from their own quarters.

"It's the burglar alarm. Somebody was trying to get in," Allie explained.

"Turn off the bells," Mr. Blaylock ordered the butler, "and get in touch with the watchmen."

The bells ceased and there was comparative quiet. Andrew's nurse, a middle-aged woman, a Chinese robe clutched around her shapeless fat body, came running down the stairs, crying to them:

"The baby's gone!"

At that moment Andrew, in pink pajamas, with James Smith at his heels, strolled in from the drawing room to announce that he was just returning from the patio, where he had gone in search of his scooter. He had dreamed it was lost, and he had sneaked from his nursery through Mrs. Tomkins's room to go out and make sure it wasn't.

"And when I opened the door," he mumbled in sleepy delight, "bells and lights went off all over!"

"Baby!" Allie cried, and caught him up.

There was terror in her voice now. No mistaking it. It was in her face, too. Her father had the same look, but it was submerged in anger as he ordered the servants out, then turned on the nurse:

"Mrs. Tomkins, your orders were never to let the child out of your sight unless he was with me or my daughter. Your orders were to keep him hidden when any one came on the estate. This afternoon Mr. Marsden falls over Andrew in my study! And now we find him wandering out in the night!"

Allie joined the attack: "Have you lost your mind?" She put Andrew in a chair. She stalked over to the woman. "Or are you just being rotten mean, knowing you've got us in a spot and we can't let you go?"

"Oh, Miss Allie!" Mrs. Tomkins whimpered. "I'd lay down my life for the baby. You know that!"

"How do I know it? How? After what's happened?"

She tried to say more, but the words choked in her throat. Marsden had never seen such fury.

"Mrs. Tomkins," Mr. Blaylock commanded, "go into the upstairs library; I want to talk to you. And, Andrew"—he picked up the child, who stared at them all with a dozing wonder—"come along to bed."

He spoke to Marsden: "I must ask you, Mr. Marsden, not to discuss this with any one; not to mention it. In the morning—" He smiled tiredly. "It is morning, isn't it? Well—later, then, I'll explain."

"Yes, Mr. Blaylock." Marsden heard his own voice, quiet, natural.

Mr. Blaylock went up the stairs, Andrew's drowsy head bobbing on his shoulder. The nurse followed timidly, and the Pekingese followed her, his nails scratching on the polished wood.

Allie Blaylock sank into a chair and pulled her robe tight around her. Huddled in the scarlet silk, she slipped her hands into her sleeves and glanced up at Marsden.

"You ought to go to bed," she said.

"I'm not sleepy." He looked down at her with gray eyes wide and clear beneath the lock of brown hair that still lay on his forehead as it had when he slept. With one hand he brushed it back, while with the other he pulled Stephen Hunt's dressing gown together at the collar of Hunt's pajamas. Despite Hunt's bigness, they were a trifle tight cross the shoulders.

He studied Allie, thinking how adorable she was, and wondering why he thought so; for certainly she had the most violent temper he'd ever encountered. But, he stopped himself, what was he doing thinking about her at all?

"I wonder where Steve Hunt's been all this time," she said, anger rising once more in her voice. She got up and looked out across the patio to the guest cottage near the pool. No window showed a light.

"Still sleeping! There's some one to have around when you need him!" She began to pace the floor, thinking aloud:

"How did I ever get mixed up with such a man! How did I ever let him mess up my life, not knowing from one day to the next whether I'm in love with him or not! Why, not even knowing whether I'm married to him or not!"

She stopped and stared aghast at Marsden.

"I didn't mean to say that!" she whispered.

"Please forget I said it! Please! Don't ever tell anybody!"

She didn't wait for his answer. She whirled toward the stairway, and stumbled as one of her velvet mules turned under her. She wasted no time with it but kicked them both off and, barefoot, ran as fast as she could up the stairs.

BREAKFAST in the Blaylock establishment was a widespread affair. In the patio, Andrew sat before a small table upheld by wooden ducks, and made faces with each swallow of the cereal that Mrs. Tomkins wheedled into him. Stephen Hunt, immaculate in white flannels, sat on the porch of the guest cottage and read the morning paper while a footman took dishes from a metal oven and set them on the table beside him. Mr. Blaylock ate from a tray set down in a cleared space on his cluttered desk in the library. He put down his coffeecup as Marsden appeared through the curtains.

"Good morning," he said. "I hope, after the unfortunate excitement last night, or rather this morning, that you slept."

"Thank you, sir, I did," Marsden lied. To admit he hadn't slept would be to admit that he was curious, and it was plain that curiosity was the one thing not desired from him.

It was not primarily the mystery of the child Andrew that had kept him awake. It was what Allie Blaylock had said before she had fled from him, appalled at what she had let slip. Turn it and twist it as he would, Marsden could not fit it into any pattern that he understood. How could she help but know whether or not she was married to Stephen Hunt? But she had said she didn't know. And she had begged Marsden not to tell anybody.

He liked sharing a secret with her—the pleasant intimacy it implied. But he didn't like the secret. It depressed him—and infuriated him; for he felt he had no business feeling anything more than a normal curiosity.

"Now—about Andrew," Mr. Blaylock began, and stopped short as a footman came in with Marsden's tray.

Andrew. Perhaps he was Allie's son. Marsden wondered why it hadn't occurred to him before. Certainly she was as fiercely maternal as any mother. But Marsden didn't want Andrew to be her child. He didn't want her to be married to Stephen Hunt.

This was absurd. He should either come to his senses or get out of this house. But he couldn't. It wouldn't be fair to Allie and her father. He knew just enough to make it uncomfortable for them if he went away. They would fear he was not to be trusted with the little he knew.

The footman put the tray on a table before Marsden and left the room. Mr. Blaylock began from another approach:

"I wish, Mr. Marsden, that I didn't have to inflict on you the unpleasant responsibility of secrecy." He shrugged. "It seems a lesser unkindness to tell you the truth than to ask you to live here without knowing what is going on." He added:

"A lesser unkindness and—well, if I don't show my trust in you, how can I expect you to—"

"I understand, sir. And you can be sure I—"

"Oh, I know, I know!" Mr. Blaylock stopped him.

Marsden could see that Blaylock was as embarrassed as he was; that, like him, Blaylock was unused to this sort of emotional frankness. There were some things one knew without being told, and they were better left unsaid.

But has Marsden guessed the real secret of the Blaylocks? Does it solely concern the thoughtless break made by Alice? Taken into the confidence of the family, he learns something amazingly different, and faces new perplexities. Read about them in next week's installment.



PATTERSON DIAL tried fiction writing after a successful career on stage and screen. Her first effort sold brought an order for a series on the characters she had so vividly developed. Her work has appeared in several leading magazines. She is a native of Florida.



hoe and Light of the World; but it was when William Schwenck — wrote the words, and he the music, that the world sat up and whistled. To the left, above, is portrayed what popular successful British composer?

2—Bitter oranges are used for making what?

3—According to the Bible, where did a phantom hand appear?

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Son of a bandmaster, he became a choirboy, studied at Leipzig, and was given a rank below that of baronet. Among his ambitious works were Ivan-

hoe and Light of the World; but it was when William Schwenck — wrote the words, and he the music, that the world sat up and whistled. To the left, above, is portrayed what popular successful British composer?

2—Bitter oranges are used for making what?

3—According to the Bible, where did a phantom hand appear?

4—Did Pershing say, "Lafayette, we are here!"?

5—What is never earlier than March 22 or later than April 25?

6—Is Tallulah's father or uncle Speaker of the House of Representatives?

7—That which is *noisome* is particularly offensive to what sense?

8—What size stocking does Greta Garbo wear?

9—Does U. S. S. R. stand for United States of Soviet Russia?

10—Who was the first United States Supreme Court justice to be impeached?

11—How does sugar syrup differ from cane syrup?



12—Where does Uncle Sam hoard most of his gold?

13—What is the world's deepest lake?

14—Who got on their feet again last February after six weeks?

15—The seven small bones of the ankle make up what?

16—Which of these words are according to Webster: raucous, nipple, parallelogram, greyhound?

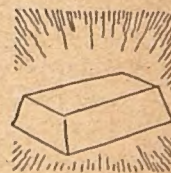
17—What foreign-bred horse won the Kentucky Derby?

18—Do fish hibernate?

19—How many inches of snowfall equals an inch of rain in water content?

20—Who mortally wounded the sixteenth President of the U. S.?

(Answers will be found on page 53)





The TEN GREATEST FOOLS IN HISTORY

I STAND in danger of hell-fire. Says the Bible: "Who-soever shall say, Thou fool" is flirting with damnation. Yet I'm about to indict for you the ten greatest fools of all time!

The identities of some have been revealed in rummaging through reliable archives for a quarter century's work in historical spectacles for the cinema. My staff of human "bloodhounds" has ferreted out scores of fools. Still I wanted more. I called upon university presidents, historians, scientists, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and others for individual selections supported by tenable charges. I even turned to friends and relatives.

Into a hypothetical hopper of cold evidence and research experience went every suggested dunce-cap candidate. Out of that hopper came clashing allegations, my ten greatest fools, and these salient facts:

Each wise person, at some period in his life, might justly be called a fool; for all the libraries on earth aren't sufficiently commodious to harbor the individual silly acts of otherwise substantial people. You can't condemn with the stigma of "fool" because of an isolated haphazard gesture.

No generation can judge its own fools. In future centuries it won't be difficult to spot today's dolts, but it's an impossibility now; for what seems to be asinine under current conditions may appear less foolish in intelligent retrospect. I even recall that, when I was a kid in Pennsylvania Military College, I thought my roommate a fool for sacrificing two fingers experimenting with an idea for a "horseless carriage." Why, such a contraption was the sheerest fantasy!

The most cordially hated yet by far the most popular nominee for a fool's disgrace is Judas Iscariot. The charge: He sold out Jesus of Nazareth for a little more than eighteen dollars. But I contend that Judas was no fool. Judas, like the bishop who centuries later ordered Jeanne d'Arc burned, was a knave. A knave isn't a fool; he's a deliberate criminal.

Virtually the same group which nominated Judas followed him with Pontius Pilate. But Pilate wasn't a fool. He was a politician. He chose to listen to the mob instead of his wife. Like any other appointed straw boss, he was interested in making a play for favor.

Consider now a typical genuine fool: one I've indicted in my group of ten "champions"—and I don't even know her name! This prize fool was a woman; a maid in the household of John Stuart Mill some hundred years ago. When Thomas Carlyle sent his completed draft for Volume One of his French Revolution to Mill for expert annotation, this housemaid garnered the handwritten manuscript from the table and tossed it as trash into the fire. Mill, torn with rage over what had happened, pressed upon Carlyle 100 pounds, and the writer began again the long tedious months of hard work.

Scores of the lists before me include Napoleon. The charge: He tossed away an empire by an ill-timed march on Moscow with more than 650,000 men. I admit that the Moscow fiasco was foolish, but it represents but one silly act in the life of a man who, starting with nothing but a puny body and a determined will, made himself the greatest soldier of his century. No such man could be a fool.

If I were going to assail Napoleon, it wouldn't be in terms of war. He was a miserable business man. I'd charge him with being party to a childish deal in which, through the Louisiana Purchase, a million acres of the finest farm land in the world were sold for a little more than a dime an acre!

My fool number two is Samson. I charge him with the very words which are supposed to have been spoken at the time of his escapade: "He lost his eyes because he followed them too often"—followed them until at last Delilah called in the lords of the Philistines, collected the cash in advance, and lulled Samson to sleep on her knees while the boys gathered around and shaved his head. Then they gouged out his eyes, took him down to a place called Gaza, bound him with brass, and set him to work grinding grain in the prison house.

Samson is my idea of a perfect fool, but my choice number three is almost his equal—and virtually for the same reason.

This is Louis XV. He was silly enough to let his mistress practically run his government for seven years and sow the seeds of the French Revolution.

Another popular name in my collection of nominations was Nero. But I object strenuously; he was no fool. The charge: He personally burned Rome. That tradition can't be substantiated in history. However, even if it could be, Nero would still be a psychopath and not a fool, a dunce. There is plenty of authority for that statement, arson or no arson. On like grounds I eliminate with Nero all such suggested crazy men as Paul of Russia, who sacrificed thousands of innocent victims, and Don Carlos, Infante of Spain.

Great fool number four is Bishop Theophilus, a Christian who, acting upon the decree of Theodosius concerning "pagan monuments," caused to be pillaged and destroyed vast sections of the once famed library at Alexandria. His contention was, of course, that anything which disagreed or failed to comply with "Christian standards" should be obliterated forever. Once that vast collection contained some 700,000 volumes gathered by the Ptolemies. It was the repository of the rarest of culture, and the missing link in the chain of world history.

It is hard to determine how many of these books actually were lost in Theophilus's ardor, for there were numerous calamities at Alexandria from the time of



The greatest fool of all, the prince of fools, was that nonentity who conceived the idea of the Children's Crusade!

Caesar to that of Diocletian. However, after Theophilus performed his outrage against knowledge in A. D. 389, prize fool number five, a Mohammedan official, Caliph Omar, completely annihilated what was left of the library in the year 641.

He ordered burned the priceless scrolls with this asinine explanation: "If these books agree with the Koran they are superfluous and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed."

I have an unnamed rajah for number six on my list. He was a far greater fool than Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; a more vicious ass than Belshazzar, who threw a wild party and got plastered while his enemies ravaged the country. This rajah, inordinately pleased at the glory of his bride, secreted his closest friend in the bedchamber so that the visitor, too, might feast his eyes for a fleeting moment upon this transcending prize. The result: A murdered rajah and an abducted queen!

The United States today is guilty of a parallel silly display. It heralds to the world lush tales of great riches, fertile land, free people, unbounded opportunity, and Elysian fields—so it can gloat in its own possessions. Thou fool!

Shah Jehan appears many times among the suggested dunce-cap candidates, because he taxed his subjects until he almost ruined his people to build the Taj Mahal as a memorial to his favorite wife, Mumtaz-i-Mahal. Likewise, he saw in the structure a monument to himself.

I GRANT the allegations without question. Yet I refuse to list Shah Jehan as a fool. What potentate in those days didn't tax the people until they were in dire want? It was the custom, a general practice; but most rulers used the revenue in riotous living, while this man gave to the world its most exquisite example of enduring architecture.

Great fool number seven, in my judgment, was the Grand Inquisitor who forced Galileo to recant publicly the theory that the sun was an immovable center and that the earth had a diurnal motion of rotation. Galileo was compelled to abandon his books, for the sale of them was prohibited. The counts against him were that his discoveries were "absurd in philosophy, and formally heretical, because expressly contrary to Holy Scripture"; that they were "open to the same censure in philosophy, and at least erroneous as to faith"; and that Galileo himself failed to live up to an order issued seventeen years before, when the rumpus first started, not to "hold, teach, or defend" the condemned doctrine. Therefore he was "vehemently suspected of heresy" and required to recite

once a week for three years the seven penitential psalms. The sentence was signed by seven cardinals but did not receive customary papal ratification.

My eighth great fool was guilty of a similar outrage against science and intellectual advancement. He was the common soldier who slew Archimedes because that learned student was too occupied figuring out the answer to a difficult problem to "snap to" and respond with gusto to an inconsequential question put by the warrior.

My fool number nine is an English king—not the profligate Charles II, but George III. This shortsighted ruler lost the American colonies through bad judgment and wholesale taxation. If Britain's empire today included the United States as it does Canada, no country or group of countries on the face of the globe could cope with it. England, *per se*, could be the economic, military, and social dictator of the world!

I must discount all such candidates as Midas, for wasting his time creating gold he couldn't use; Canute, for building his castle on the sands and commanding the sea to obey him; and the man in the Nazarene's parable who buried the talent in a napkin; for all of these characters are purely legendary or fictional. I'm dealing only with historical facts.

Great fool number ten, the greatest of all, the prince of fools, was that historical nonentity who conceived the idea of the Children's Crusade! History tells us that the long succession of Crusades found origin with Peter of Amiens, known too as Peter the Hermit; but Peter was long since dead when the Children's Crusade was organized. We know, too, that there was a French peasant lad named Stephen who preached a Children's Crusade, but he was little more than a child himself. Surely the vicious idea didn't materialize in his mind!

That crusade, predicated upon the assumption that only innocent blood could regain the Holy Land, enlisted some 30,000 French children and about 20,000 youngsters, some of them mere tots, from Germany.

Their attempt brought more grief, inhuman suffering, and chaos than any man, or group of men, can depict. Many of the French children were lured aboard vessels in Marseilles by slave merchants. Thousands of the German youngsters lost their lives through the horrible hardships in crossing the Alps. To me, it all represents history's blackest page.

Surely, the person who first thought of that Crusade is the champion of all fools of all time!

Upon this specific indictment I'll risk my fate in eternity.

*Who Were They? A Maker
of Pictures Out of the Past
Conducts a Search . . . Do You
Agree with His Conclusions?*

by

CECIL B.
DE MILLE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Sweeping Broom

by RUTH BURR SANBORN



ELHANNON hung the gun on the deer horns over the fireplace; mom knew without turning her head. It wasn't like Elhannon to go gunning and the dewb'ries not more'n half staked.

"You get an'thing?" she asked mildly.

"No," said Elhannon. "Didn't see an'thing but a snake."

"Thought sure we'd be having rabbit stew come supper. Draw right in and set, you can. We're just dishin' up."

Elhannon moved away toward the loft stairs. He held his arms folded on his chest. "Got to change my shirt 'fore I eat."

Mom'd known there was something wrong minute she'd clapped eyes on him, washing up on the back stoop outside the dwellin'-room window. He was standing up too straight for a body bending over. He washed once and then washed again, like he'd forgotten. He rensed the basin three times.

"Blow the horn, Lee," she said, "whilst I get Budge's porridge. You want to call the boarder, Joel?"

Joel had his necktie on, mom noticed; she'd better mention to the boarder how he was walking out with Lacey Prophet. She tucked her feet into cotton slippers and smoothed her hair. Her cheeks were rosy from the stove heat.

The others were gathered when the boarder came.

She had on a shiny silk wrapper with a silver belt to it, and the bracelets on her wrists rang like silver bells. A hush fell like for the preacher. The boarder was beautiful.

Mom carried the bowl of porridge to Budge, very grand on the old sofy under the second-best Dresden-plate quilt. His face was too small and his eyes too big below the tousle of curls.

"What's the matter?" the boarder asked. "Nothing contagious, is it?"

"Catching, you mean?" said mom. "No. Only just hurt his leg." She looked warningly at the others, but no one spoke. They all knew you mustn't mention snake bite to the boarder.

"I'm going to get me new boots," Budge said. "Here's the picture in the catalogue. I had me a drink of dewb'rry wine."

"I guess you're a man now," said pa.

"He is so," mom said proudly. It was his not crying she'd minded most. She saw again with horrid clarity the open snake box, the penknife honed down sharp as a needle, the virgin cotton sterilized with heat. She saw the tender flesh pinched between thumb and finger. A wave of pure nausea swept her, so that sweat broke out on her forehead. She steadied herself against pa's look.

"Don't wait," mom said. "Dip in while it's hot." She stood an instant by her chair, making sure nothing was forgotten. Platters of scrapple, sweet and rich, and bowls of milk gravy; yams and snaps and salad greens and spoon bread; cane-syrup cake and cream. The checked tablecloth was clean and cheerful. The red-and-white sash curtains stood out perky with starch and breeze. Elhannon'd changed his overalls, she noticed. He sat silent, staring in his plate.

Mom always relished mealtimes best of any, having her folks together. Pa looked like one of the patriarchs out of the big Bible: the bush of his hair and the bush of his beard circling the good earth color of his face, and his eyes so gentle. Mostly the grown boys sat up by pa, but now Joel brought his plate down to mom's end next the boarder. Lee sat across. She was the oldest girl at home. The young-ones filled in between: Betts and Todd-n'-Tess, the twins, and Killis and Jason and Linnet. They were just a mess of names to the boarder; she didn't even see their showing off. But to mom, to look round that table was to see pa repeated over and over: the black Deacon hair and eyes and the fine full Deacon foreheads, the breadth across the cheekbones, and the pointed chins marked with great clefts like thumbprints. Only the boarder broke the pattern.

It wasn't only her fairness, the small pretty features amongst the rich abounding life and color of the Deacons, the brittle loveliness of limb against broad Deacon shoulders and straight Deacon backs. There was a polish to her. Mom thought it was like you'd sew a silk piece ac-

The Story of a Woman's Wisdom . . . A Beguiling Tale of Simple Lives, Dark Deeds, and a Shining Stranger

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



Mom fetched the gun, a bottle, and two rumblers.
"It's been fired," the sheriff said. "It's a .22."

cidental into a calico quilt: ever after that piece would stand out above the others. There was something else, too: something hard and willful and defiant, like a lump in the cotton. It bothered mom, spoiling the smoothness.

"You're not eating an' thing," she said.

"I just had my breakfast."

"You could a-had it any time after four o'clock."

The boarder said curiously: "What do you get up for at that heathen hour? Just to see the sun rise?"

"It's real sightly, at that," mom told her thoughtfully. "I mostly make out to get a look at it betweentimes. It's got nice colors to it," she finished shyly.

"The days are long enough as it is," the boarder said.

"That so?" said mom, marveling.

HER own morning crowded through her mind. The milk coming in to be strained off, and the butter cream to fix, and the skim milk for the young stock, the strainer cloths and the pails to scald and set to sunning; the breachy calf that nobody else could make to drink, and the mash for the chickens and the middlings for the pigs; the breakfast, and redding up, and the wheat bread to make out, and the fried pies, and the churning and shaping out the butter. Todd-n'-Tess had tied together the tails on the two yea'ling bulls; they'd like to pulled 'em plumb off 'fore mom could get 'em sep'rate. It was down to the pasture Budge was snake-bit. Snakes upset Betts. She'd got the fat afire in the fryin' skillet. It'd been quite a morning, take it all together. Mom turned her hands to hide the baking soda on her burned wrists. Over her thoughts like a mist lay her awareness of Elhannon. It wasn't like him not to eat. He always relished his victuals. She said: "I guess I better step down and see to Rebecca."

"You go, Todd-n'-Tess," pa said. "Let your mom set."

"Who's Rebecca?" said the boarder.

"The old sow," mom explained. "She's got eleven to her litter. I'm fearful she might lie onto one."

"What makes you bother with her?"

"Mom'd soon eat a boarder as old Rebecca," Joel said.

The boarder laughed, and mom said defensively: "Rebecca's real goodhearted, only growing some forgetful and heavy on her feet, as well's myself."

"You!" said pa. Josephus Deacon was not a man of many words, but there was a whole mute love poem in his lifted look. Mom was warm with it on her.

"I got a kind of feelin' for Rebecca," she confessed. "Pa give her to me our tenth weddin' day." The boarder's silver laughter tinkled like the bracelets on her wrists.

Mom wasn't sure now she'd done right taking the boarder. But the money would come handy, and mom'd been sorry for the big-eyed look there was to her. She thought she could cuddle the boarder up, and feed some flesh onto her bones, and set some peachblow in her

cheeks—she looked like a magnolia flower that would darken to a touch. But mom couldn't cuddle the boarder. She couldn't even come near her. It was as if there was a bright wall built around her, very hard. Mom hurt herself against it at first. Now she stood back, planning a way around. The worst was, she upset the young folks.

Joel showed it plainest—he was always flighty; times before mom'd seen his high spirits bust off in sparks, as quick kindled as fire in fennel, and as soon over. But Lee fretted mom more, and Elhannon most. Lee was the pretty one; even when she worked in the fields her skin stayed the color of butter cream. The boarder upstirred her with her worldly talk. It made her haughty with Ember Terrin, the sheriff's son. The boarder wasn't haughty with him, though. Right forward, mom called it. Sometimes the boarder put mom in mind of the man that tried to buy her pewter porringer; he'd had more pewter porringers of his own than he could ever eat from, but he wanted hers too; he c'lected them, he said. The boarder was going to marry a lord and live in a castle, but seemed she couldn't leave the boys be.

"YOU'RE not eating anything, either," she said now to Elhannon. "You act as if you were in love."

"I am so," Elhannon said moodily. It was a shame to plague him, the fret he'd had over Tempe Hyde. They teased mom sometimes about wanting to marry off the young folks. Mom didn't care. She'd be proud to see her children happy wed. Tempe was fair; there was the clearness of new day in her eyes, and there was truth in her heart; none other mom would so gladly see joined to her tallest son. But the Hydes put pressure on Tempe to wed Dike Caspian. It was the money, likely, for Dike was no true man; all knew he ran after every pretty pettie in the county. There'd been bad blood 'twixt him and Elhannon ever since last tobacco market.

"It's more'n the way you look," Lee said to the boarder.

It was bold of Lee to say it; but it was so. Mom couldn't quite make it out about the boarder's nervous breakdown. There wasn't that glow to her there'd ought to be, and her running to meet so bright a future. Mom wondered how 'twould work if she'd have them all to supper some night: Elhannon and Tempe, Joel and Lacey, Ember Terrin and Lee. Kind of show the boarder how things stood.

"Tempe was over this morning," she said to Elhannon.

Elhannon's gaze came up to hers with the swiftness of startled wild things. That look frightened mom. It wasn't like Elhannon to be strange. Of all the boys he most favored pa; there was iron in him, and the salt of humor. Now it was like his self was gone out of him and only his shape sitting there. She sensed trouble new and deep. "What for?" he said.

"She was looking after Perley," mom said; and again was puzzled. For under hers Elhannon's eyes went blank, as if a curtain had been drawn down behind them. Perley was Tempe's brother; a high-strung, nervy boy, too unstable for comfort. But Tempe set great store by Perley. "He was off all night," mom said. "He and his pa had a set-to yesterday over Mary Salter."

"You couldn't rightly blame the Hydes," said Lee, "that they wouldn't want Pap Salter in the fam'ly."

That was so, too. The Salters lived on the back road, cultivating a grudging piece of ground; but however small the crop was, it always got ahead of Pap Salter and his big notions and his bottle of corn likker. Mary's ma had been a good woman; she died young of her own goodness. "Mary favors her ma, I always thought," mom said gently.

Pa nodded. "Perley could look further and do a sight worse," he said.

And mom added: "Seems like Mary is the one to make a man of him. Perley will do something fine if he has the one to ferret out his fineness."

"What's that, philosophy?" the boarder asked pertly.

"That's sense," said mom. She pushed back her chair and rose. "All finished, be you? I figured to fetch some cane cake over to the Salters'; they're about out of sweet'nin', Mary tells me."

Elhannon took a plate to the sink board and began to heap it up. "Rebecca'd like a little extry, might be," he said awkwardly.

Mom watched him set a square of cake in a saucer and lather it with cream. She tried to make some pattern to his strangeness. "Rebecca'll be well fed, looks like," she remarked. "Want a spoon, did you?"

Mom stood in the breezeway and knocked at the best-room door. There was a queer gone feeling inside her. She'd run up to the loft to see after Elhannon's clothes, soon's she come back from the Salters'. She found the shirt and overalls caked solid, dark-looking stains like mud. When she poured the cold water over, it came up red with a thin unhealthy foam. There was no clay made that color. Mom'd left them boiling in the washpot. She opened the best-room door.

The boarder was standing by the mirror, in a pair of pink flower petals and silver sandals, putting a silk net to her hair. Her hair was the color of winter butter in round gold pats. An aching lonesome fragrance filled the room.

"Thought that I'd get you settled for your nap," mom said. "Want I should rub your head?"

"If you've nothing else to do."

"Nothing I got to do this minute," mom agreed. She sat on the edge of the bed, letting her feet spin off. The best room always rested her: an old quiet room, with memories in the corners, and the pink shadow of the Judas tree across the window. Pa made the table when they took out the big gum; the top was a solid slab rubbed down slick as a platter—you could count the years from the middle to the edge. Mom's palm caressed its smoothness; she touched a red stain of fingernail polish, wondering what would take it off. The boarder's mark was onto the whole room, changing it. Crystal bottles with tall gold stoppers stood on the hand-hewn chist. A lace jacket trimmed with fur lay on the settle. Pa's grea'-gran'sire carved that settle with the story of the seasons; grea'-gran'dame made the cushions, lamb wool off'n their own critters, spring and summer and fall and winter, in little mitey stitches. The foreign smell to the perfume drowned the lavender in the sheets and the tang of sage and tansy from the yerb closet overhead. The sudden fear was born in mom that the boarder would put her mark on the Deacons as she put it on the room: the mark of discontent and coveting. She turned for reassurance to the glass lady. The glass lady was just the same as ever.

The glass lady stood on the mantel over the fireplace. She had a veil wound round her, and it was blowing like in a wind, and her hair was blowing; she was standing on tiptoe, reaching up her arms, like she was gathering all the beauty in the world.

THE boarder saw mom looking. "You know, that's really good," she said curiously. "How did you happen to have it?"

"Pa bought her for me our wedding day to Richburg," mom said softly. The shine of that day lighted her memory. They'd had dinner to the hotel. They'd had to give up the new hames and the sweeping broom to buy the glass lady. "You have her, if you've a mind," pa said. "I guess there's other things in life than sweeping brooms." The glass lady was no kind of use, only just to look at. It was the preciouslest thing mom owned. Times mom felt like the glass lady herself, when the new day was onto her, or the wind, or the miracle of snow. But the boarder put a heaviness upon her.

Mom turned the clutter in her mind. The red-stained clothes in the washpot, and the gun on the deer horns, and the spoon that went to feed old Rebecca. Tempe's worry over Perley, and Mary Salter's fear. There was no call for Mary to be so frightened just because Pap Salter rode off to Floridy on the back of his big notions. The o'neriness of the boarder, and the pure mis'ry in Elhannon's eyes. It was all mixed up together.

In the mirror beside the boarder mom glimpsed her own reflection. It was a placid face. The skin was weathered to the color of smooth fawn leather, unlined save for the marks of tolerant laughter. Her hair had once been as fair as the boarder's own; it was bleached now pale as wheat straw. She wore it brushed back from a broad forehead and pinned in a great close bun; pa said she looked sixteen with the braids down over her shoulders.

Her figure was fine and full, without flesh; deep-bosomed, with the effortless carriage of one who has borne burdens on her head. Her eyes were as blue and washed-looking as a windy March morning. Her mouth was wide and sweet. Mom did not see these things. She saw the leathern skin, the faded hair, the big-boned capable hands. She saw the boarder's beauty.

"Figure I'm a sweeping broom myself," she said slowly.

She was just pulling down the shade when she saw the sheriff coming along the road.

MOM didn't run until she was outside; no use to disturb the boarder. Then she legged it down the breezeway. Mom fished Elhannon's clothes out of the kettle with the washing stick. There wasn't time to put out the fire; it would still be smudgin'. She emptied the red water and refilled the pot; caught the clean strainer cloths off the line and crammed them in. Better Sheriff Terrin would think she was so slack as boil out the strainers in the evenin' than wonder why she washed special for Elhannon, and this Wednesday. She swung the wet clothes to dry them enough to wring. She'd have to hide them somewhere in plain sight. The scarecrow was in the woodshed. She dressed it hastily; set a hat on its head and tied a red kerchief round its neck. She carried it to the strawb'rry patch and pounded it down with the flat of the ax. Elhannon's clothes would soon be dry in the sun.

When Sheriff Terrin turned into the driveway, mom was in the front yard, picking pink branches from the Judas tree. She hoped it wouldn't show through her skirts how her knees were shaking.

"Why, Mr. Terrin!" she said cordially. She came forward, holding out her hand past the pink blow. "You're quite a stranger. How're you, Ember? Lee's inside, redding up."

Sheriff Boon Terrin had his gun strapped down to his leg; it made him look terrible lawful. He was a great hummock of a man, too thick through the middle, but straight-legged and strong—and quick, they said, when the need rose. Ember was a nice boy: gray eyes clean as rain, and gentle-mannered. His pa was trying to break him in for a depity. But Ember had no love for sheriffing.

"D'do, Mis' Deacon," he muttered.

But Sheriff Terrin said right out: "Where's Elhannon?"

"Up top the barn, patching a leak place."

He stared across the barnyard, cocking his head. "I don't hear him pounding." It came to mom she hadn't heard Elhannon pounding since the Terrins hove in sight down the road.

"Whittling a shingle, he might be," she said calmly. "The water backed up under, come that last rain. You want to see him, did you?"

He did not answer her directly. But when he spoke she was answered. He said: "Dike Caspian's been shot."

So that was it. The clutter in mom's mind was all a-stir, as if a wind had blown it. She had the same tight feeling in her chest she'd had the time she took down with the lung fever. "Dead, is he?" she asked.

"Not yet," said Terrin grimly. "Lem Battle found him by the back road when he went past to the milk train. He took him to the hospital."

That was bad. Mostly folks didn't give in to the hospital till their time was come. "It's no more'n might be looked for, maybe," she said deliberately. "There was a sight of folks didn't like Dike Caspian."

Terrin answered her: "It's known none liked him less'n Elhannon. There's witness to hard words betwixt them last week meetin' over Tempe Hyde. Where was Elhannon early this morning?"

"Milking."

"And after?"

Mom gave thought to her first lie and put it from her. "He went out awhile."

"Take his gun with him?"

"He mostly does," mom agreed. "We were fixin' to have rabbit stew come supper. But he didn't see an'thing but a snake."

"A snake," said Sheriff Boon Terrin, "was what he called Dike Caspian. Show me the gun," he said. Not even please or could he.

"Why, certain," said mom pleasantly. "Step right round to the back stoop. I take shame not to ask you in, but Budge got snake-bit and he's sleepin' on the sof'y." She led them round the west side so not to rouse the boarder, walking very straight, with her head high—and the stems to the pink blossoms wet with the sweat of her palms. She placed chairs.

"Make yourselves welcome," she said. "I'll fetch you out the gun."

Mom fetched the gun, and a fat black bottle, and two tumblers. She poured gold likker with a steady hand.

"It's been fired," the sheriff said. "It's a .22."

Mom knew then that Dike Caspian had been shot with a .22. And in the same moment she saw the mark that had never been on the butt of Elhannon's gun. "Likely there's a .22 in every house 'twixt here and Caravansarie," she remarked evenly. "Try a little of my peach cordial, won't you?"

Boon Terrin's look flicked toward the bottle and away; his lips were hard.

"I got no time for fripperies," he said. "I want speech with Elhannon."

Mom handed him the tumbler. "'Twon't need but a minute," she assured him. "It's my own brew. I take some pride of it."

Boon Terrin swallowed; the line of his mouth broke, sucking in wet mustaches.

"Lee, fetch me out the fried pies," mom said. "I always think the two goes together. One whets up the taste to the other." She was

sorry for Ember, facing Lee, and shame for the errand he was on running red to the ruddy spikes of his hair. She said: "Lee, why don't you show Ember the silk piece the boarder give you?" She passed the fried pies to Terrin. "I could call you up Elhannon, if you'd rather," she mentioned casually. She must see Elhannon before the sheriff.

Terrin tilted the rush-bottomed chair against the wall. He held the tumbler to the light; his eyes narrowed, judging of the color. "All right," he said then. "Fetch him up."

ELHANNON wasn't top the barn nor yet inside of it. Mom kept the outbuildings between her and the stoop, running with a smooth, unhurried jog, hoarding her strength. Number 9 tobacco barn, she figured; it was the nearest that didn't show from the house. She stood in the doorway, panting a little, and spoke into the darkness: "The sheriff wants speech with you."

Elhannon stepped forward quietly into the light. It was Perley that tried to run past her. Her hands were not ungentle on his shoulders, but they were strong. She said: "So it was you that shot him."

The words all came tumbling like a freshet. "I couldn't help it," Perley said. "I had a set-to with pa, and I stayed out all night. When it come day I went over to see Mary. I wanted Mary to run off with me. I love Mary. Mary's pap went off to Floridy. Mary was all alone. Dike Caspian come in onto her, and she was screaming. He was hurting her and she was frightened. She was screaming, I tell you. Dike run out the other way when he heard me. I took up the gun and shot him. Elhannon found him."

"So you carried him," mom said slowly to Elhannon, "and that's how come the blood was on your clo'es."

He nodded. "The road tracks showed how Lem Battle

hadn't been by yet, so I laid him where he'd find him. It was the quickest to the hospital."

The pieces of the puzzle were falling into place in mom's mind. "So that was when you got the other gun."

Elhannon nodded again. "I give mine to Perley to hold whilst I carried him. Perley mixed 'em up. I didn't notice till I hung it on the deer horns." He added: "I s'pose the sheriff's got it now. That'll about make it out against me."

Mom said quietly: "You can't lay it on Elhannon, Perley, what you done."

He was shaking. "It will near about kill Tempe."

"And would Tempe take it easier that it should be Elhannon?"

"Girls are funny," said Perley. "Mary wouldn't take it hard of me, doing it for her. But Tempe would, me doing it for another."

"Might be so," mom agreed. There was more pity than anger in her for Perley, the wild lost look there was to his eyes. His face was streaked with sweat, and might be tears. She said: "You go on home, Perley, and when the chance comes, tell your pa about it."

"No—no," Perley cried. "I couldn't tell him!"

"I could," said mom.

Perley clutched her arm, holding himself against her. "You wouldn't do that," he begged her. "Promise me you wouldn't do that."

"Not without you wanted it," she promised. She moved the pieces in her mind to a new pattern, and said strongly: "I can manage Jawk Hyde. You work for your pa a year to wages, and I'll take Mary home with me the whilst I teach her cookin'. The Salter place's run out; it'll pick up with some manure to it. Next year you could wed with Mary. You love Mary enough for that, don't you?"

"I love her enough for anything," said Perley. Mom saw the strong hard kernels of the grain under the chaff of his weakness. "Pa'd never hear to it, though."

"He rather that," said mom with conviction, "than this here would come out." If Dike Caspian got well, there'd be an end to talk of wedding Tempe. Jawk Hyde was a hard man, but godly. He would not hold with scandal.

Elhannon said: "It's betwixt the two of us, him or me. Likely I'd a-done the same, an' it'd been Tempe."

She nodded, recognizing justice. She added a last piece to her pattern and made a whole new picture. "I was never one," said mom slowly, "to steal a man's reputation. But looks like to me you couldn't take away what never was." She was silent, cogitating. "I don't know about the law, but there isn't one in the county that'd blame him. And him gone off to Floridy the very night. Maybe the praisin' thing ever was said about Pap Salter would be he was one to shoot a man for his girl's honor."

SHERIFF TERRIN stood up when he saw mom coming. He had an ugly face to him and his voice was loud. "Where's Elhannon?"

Mom's look passed light as a blessing over Lee and Ember; they were sitting on the bench and Ember had the silk piece on his knees. Mom poured herself a drink from the water bucket; it was hot work, running. "Elhannon?" she said pleasantly. "He'll be right along, soon's he sees after Rebecca. Don't work yourself up so, Mr. Terrin. You might be took down with a stroke."

He towered above her. "Rebecca!" he cried. "You and your talk o' sows, and me treatin' of a murder."

Mom sat down in the rocker. "I was never much on lawing. Way I always looked at it, though, there wasn't rightly murder done till somebody was dead."

"Might be he is by now."

"Might be," mom admitted. "Myself, I always figured Dike Caspian was too mean to kill by any one bullet; but I wouldn't say ill of him if he was dead." She added: "That isn't Elhannon's gun."

"What you talkin' about?"

"The gun," said mom patiently. "It's not Elhannon's."

"Whose is it, then?"

"Might be anybody's, mightn't it?" said mom gently.

"Elhannon's got his name onto the ba'el. When you find it, you'll see it wasn't fired."

"What kind of a yarn is this?" he stormed.

Mom rocked. "Truth is funny, isn't it?" she said, musing. "I guess that's what makes it so hard to think up a good honest lie. I never had no knack for it myself."

Ember interrupted, in a quick wild hope: "I said all along Lee's brother wouldn't do it."

Mom was glad of the look Lee gave him. He'd earned it, speaking his own belief against Boon Terrin's temper.

"If Elhannon didn't shoot him, who did, then?" roared the sheriff.

"I was never one to go round tellin' tales on people," mom said mildly. "Course, if a man should harm another man's girl, and the next day the man would turn up shot, and the other man would turn up missin', there's always some would say the other man shot the man. But I wouldn't say so myself, because I don't believe it."

Sheriff Boon Terrin gave it up. He drained the bottle of peach cordial and drew a chair beside mom. His manner at last was placating.

"Now look here, Mis' Deacon," he said. "What d'you know about this, sure 'nough?"

Mom wiped her hot face on her apron. "It would be a cracked pitcher," she said sedately, "that would let out all it held before ever it was tilted."

MOM sat beside the boarder, bathing her forehead with scent. The clutter in mom's mind was cleared away. She'd managed Jawk Hyde. The sheriff had gone home. She'd had the young folks to supper: Elhannon and Tempe; Joel and Lacey; Ember Terrin and Lee; Perley and Mary Salter too. She'd made them sweet cakes, enough for all, with sugar toppin'. Around that supper table the wholeness had come back again to the Deacons. Their joy was a part with mom. Nothing little or mean could stand against it. Mom'd wanted to fit the boarder in; but the boarder hadn't hardly said a word.

All at once mom was aware of a warmth in the cool wetness under her palm. And she saw that the boarder was crying. "I can't stand it!" the boarder cried. "They were all so d-darn happy."

Mom could never explain afterwards how it happened. Only suddenly with that the hard bright wall around the boarder was splintered and she was inside. She was cuddling the boarder. Mom had never seen any one cry like that, as if she would break to pieces.

"I can't stand it!" the boarder repeated. "I thought I could come here and forget him, and every time I saw you and Mr. Deacon together, it stirred me up over again."

"That so?" said mom. "Must be kind of catching." And she said thoughtfully: "Who is it you love, if it isn't Lord What's-His-Name?"

"It's Joe," sobbed the boarder. "It's Joe Millen. Joe won't marry me," sobbed the boarder. "Joe's poor. I'm rich. Joe won't marry me because he can't give me the things I'm used to."

"Give you love, can he, this Joe?"

"Yes."

"Well, then!" said mom. "That's a thing to take pride of. You better catch the milk train. You can see the sunrise."

Mom went over to the mantel and reached down the glass lady. Twenty-two years it had stood there. The light from the lamp fell on it, and a prism kindled in the glass draperies, all the shining lovely colors of the years. "You take it to Joe," mom said. "You tell Joe it's a wedding present."

"Oh!" said the boarder sharply. "But it's the nicest thing you've got."

"I've got everything," said mom.

"You!" said the boarder. She wiped her face on mom's cotton handkerchief.

Mom stood up. She'd better be seeing after old Rebecca. In the loft a shoe dropped; the rope springs creaked on the spool bed. A sweet heaviness ran through mom's body, a joyful ache in the flesh. She laughed softly. "You gather up a lot," mom said, "take it with a sweeping broom."

THE END

RICHARD KORET quit the stationery business sixteen years ago. "Nearly all the men I knew in it were middle-aged," he says, "and I didn't want to be middle-aged." So he became a manufacturer of fashionable handbags for ladies, a commerce well suited to his dislike of the in-between years, since no fashionable lady ever gets to be middle-aged.

Now he is one of the world's foremost designers of stylish handbag-gery. Royal Englishwomen have his bags sent over from America with royal crests emblazoned on the outside. Mrs. Roosevelt is a Koret-bag carrier, as is Joan Crawford. I asked for some inside facts about our handbag habits. Mr. Koret said:

"Your average bag requires three and a half feet of leather, a half yard of silk lining. Most housewives buy three a year, paying from three to five dollars. Girls with good office jobs buy five or six, pay from seven to ten. American women demand light, flat bags, roomy enough to hold a package of cigarettes without bulging. Smartest new bags have double-loop handles, are of bright-colored suède trimmed with Beauvais embroidery in peasant patterns. Ruby red is a coming color. Women love hidden pockets for secret papers—not that they have any, but the idea makes them feel important."

Mr. Koret is still a bachelor. Has to fly a good deal on business trips. Felt nervous in planes until a friend advised him to get used to it by shooting the chutes at Coney Island. He tried that. Is no longer air nervous—but is now scared to death of all chute-the-chutes.

● Way back in my past I had a handsome but definitely uncivilized beau from the Russian Caucasus—Dictator Stalin's homeland. My young Caucasian admirer was violent and devoted. In moments of anger, which came often, his favorite exclamation was, "*Zarezats* (Slit their throats)!"

Not the most genteel manners for the escort of a girl. To cure him of it I taught him the English translation—thought he wouldn't use it if he realized how dreadful it sounded. We went to a church picnic together. Two dignified dowagers had charge of the



to the Ladies

by
PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER,
AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



RICHARD KORET

lunch, and they kept us waiting and waiting—and we were young and hungry. Up jumped my Caucasian beau with a fiendish look on his face. "*Zarezats!*" he snarled. "Cut zoze old vimmen's throats!" That was my embarrassing moment.

● A beauty contest for *mothers of at least four children* was held last month in France. France worries and wonders about the rate of her population increase, as do all the war-threatened nations of Europe, where mammoth armies are looked upon as the safeguard of the future, and women are urged therefore to contribute as many babies as possible. The Frenchwoman who won the novel beauty show is the mother of two girls and two boys. It won't be many years before her sons are old enough to fight and die on the battlefield, and her daughters old enough to bear more sons for still another war. It will be nice, however, for this lady to remember that she once won a prize as the *prettiest* French mother of at least four children.

● New refinement for extra-fastidious ladies who travel is a neat piece of luggage holding private sheets, blankets, and pillowcases made to fit the

berths in Pullman sleepers. Quite a few of our glamorous screen stars now take along their own monogrammed bedding when they go places by train.

A *dainty* thing to do, I suppose, but it seems sort of unnecessary, and must be a good deal of a bother.

● A unique pair of philanthropists invited me to their home during my recent stay in the Midwestern city where they live. They are a prosperous married couple with rather quiet, conventional tastes, and their home had just been redecorated. When they showed me the library, I gasped, tottered. In your wildest dreams you couldn't imagine such a nightmare of modernistic art—all the colors of the rainbow splashed on in patterns that would even make Hollywood dizzy. My host and hostess laughed at my bewilderment. The husband explained; said:

"Here in town we've got a local boy who thinks he's a genius at interior decorating, but nobody ever lets him carry out his own ideas. People make him fix up their houses the way *they* want, and he suffers from a severe case of ingrowing self-expression. We thought it would be an act of human charity to give him a free hand for once in his life. This is the result."

My hostess closed the library door, closed it firmly. "Let's go sit somewhere else," she said.

● Devoted drinkers of tea—I'm a fiend for it myself—will enjoy W. H. Ukers's new book, *The Romance of Tea*. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

● Next time you serve chicken salad at a bridge or supper party, try making it this new way; it's called Chicken Salad Park Avenue.

Use 3 slices cold breast of chicken, 3 slices Swiss cheese cut $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, 3 small cooked beets, 2 cold boiled potatoes, 1 green pepper scalded and peeled. Dice all into half-inch cubes or a little smaller, add 1 cup shredded romaine lettuce, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, 3 tablespoons French dressing. Mix well. Arrange with a border of watercress and sliced hard-boiled eggs.





Free Air

from a Taxi Pilot

NEW!—*The Author of "Love Letters of a Prizefighter" Introduces You to Another Hilarious Hero and His Girl*

Words and Pictures

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HELLO, Mazie, how's the kid? I says. (I had parked myself on a stool, see, in Mazie's covered wagon on the water front.) Listen, goodlooking, slip me a bowl of java and a pair of eggs with the dimmers on and don't butt in while I tell you what happened to me last night. No kidding, it's a pip. Of all the screwy rackets, this taxi business has the inmates of a nut ward stopped.

Yesterday afternoon, I pulled my mouse trap out of the hangar and started downtown in hopes of getting a break, as I was two days late with my cab payment and the finance gorillas were threatening to turn on the heat. Well, the first customer I drew was a chinkeroo. He had enough queer baggage with him to stage a seal act. He told me he was all washed up with the U. S. and A. and was barging back to China to marry an eytalian girl. He said if I could get him to the Grand Central in time he would give me a two-buck tip. Oh baby, when he sprung that, I pulled down the iron flag and laid everything to the floor. —Holy smoke, Mazie, where the heck did you get these eggs? From the Smithsonian?

Well, the chink promised me a two-buck tip, and believe me he got the ride of his life. Gee whizz, elevated pillars and trucks flew by so fast he didn't know whether he was riding on the hood or in the tool box. When he left me, he was trying to get his neck back in his celluloid collar. —Toss over the sugar, Mazie!

Well, toots, I was just about to pull away when another guy hailed me. From the cut of his jib I figured he had just blown in from some flag-stop in the sage belt. He had on a two-button comedy cut and sported a pair of yellow dogs that must have been bought by the pound. On the square, everytime he took a step he squeaked like a push cart. —Slip me the ketchup, will you, Mazie?

Anyway, this guy had the wife and baby with him. She was a hot sketch too. She featured a low-busted Main Street creation that was tops during the Battle of Manila. As for the kid, it was busy chewing a licorice lollypop the size of a barl top, and from the look of its pan I couldn't tell whether it was a pocket edition of Stepin Fetchit or not. The troupe had no sooner gotten into the cab than the wife started bawling out her hubby gawd-awful. As near as I could learn, she'd found three blond hairs on his reefer and a burlesque queen's photo in the lining of his vest. Oh boy, she raised ample hell. She kept her loud speaker going from the time we left Grand Central until I dropped them off in Greenitch Village. Listen, if you don't think her trap was wired for sound, you're crazy! —Say, how are the pig's knuckles, Mazie? I think I'll go for a copy.

What happened after that? Well, when the troupe got out of the cab, the kid started to walk around the sidewalk on all fours. I took one look at its seat and what do you think was written on the diaper? You'd never guess. "Property of the PULLMAN COMPANY."

Oh, I'm telling you, cutie, we pick up some funny fares in this racket. Talk about your loose nuts—give a listen to our cliental: hams, chorines, pitch-men, politicians, gun-men, gigolos, boudwar bandits, honky-tonkers and the like, and if you don't think we can clock the phoneys, your clutch is slipping. Honest, the guy that drives a crate these days, Mazie, must be a cross between a diplomat and a philosopher. No fooling, he's got to be able to flatten the corns on a traffic cop and get away with it, sport a dead pan and have a memory like a house dick.

Say, by-the-way, Mazie, who's that goofy looking stevedore you just served the ham and beans to? It seems to me him and you are getting pretty clubby these nights? Gosh, everytime I blow into this beanery he's either holding your mitt or giving you a line of palava that would floor a lispie queen. —What do I care? Plenty! Say, listen, I made a date with you for next Saturday night to do a bit of extravagant, didn't I? I promised to take you to the movies and to that swell Chineese joint in City Island and if you think I'm going to let that cheap ham-and-egger cut in and two-time me, you've got a leaky valve in the head, get me? —Oh, I'm not peeved, Mazie, don't be silly. I just have a yen for you, kid, that's all. You don't blame me for that, do you? Listen, toots, slip me a slab of that stromberry pie.

So you want me to tell you what happened after I dropped the prarie comedians, eh? Sure. Well, I cruised up Broadway as far as Canal and dropped in for a bite to eat. Oh, and when I went to pay the check, I found the hick had slipped me a four-bit piece made out of lead. Can you imagine, and me being born and brought up in the city. Honest, I was fit to be chained.

Well, the next customer I grabbed looked like a bol-shevik. No fooling, he had enough wire whiskers to stuff an ostrich. I dropped him off at Union Square and made him a present of the lead 50¢ because I knew he wouldn't give me a tip anyhow. As I pulled away from the curb, he was biting his initials in the coin to see if it was the real McCoy.

Oh, and now comes the topper of them all.

At two bells the same night I was sitting in my 20 & 5 in front of the Grand Central, when who ankles up to me but a sad-eyed little guy. "Take me for a whirl around the park, buddy!" he says. So, I threw the crate in high and began highballing it up Fifth Avenue at a merry clip. I had only gone three blocks when the little guy hollers: "Take it easy, mister, I've got all night." Well, Mazie, wishing to oblige, I throttled the lugger down to fifteen miles the hour and proceeded through the park. In and out we go and an hour later I'm back at Columbus Circle. Just when I think I'm going to get my tip, the customer orders me to drive the same thing all over again. Well, while en route I began to wonder what would keep a guy touring in circles at that hour of the ayem? Anyhow, when I got back to 79th Street, he ordered me to take him over the George Washington bridge. Which made me kinda suspicious. I began to wonder if he was all washed up with life and intended doing a Wisemuller off the bridge, but anyhow nothing happened. When we got back to the New York side, I figured he had enough touring for one night and would kick in with the dough.

I had parked myself on a stool, see, in Mazie's covered wagon on the water front.



But not him! Instead, he told me to cruise down Riverside Drive.

Well, just as I got to Grant's tomb—that's the monument everybody sees but Grant—the little runt said to me: "You might as well cruise down to the Battery, I'm just beginning to wake up." Can you beat that, and me dieing on my feet. So, away we go like I was piped to the carburettor. When I got down to the fish theatre in Battery park, the little monkey told me to stop as he wanted to get out. By this time Mazie, I've got \$8.90 on the meter and I'm beginning to wonder if the guy is really all there. Not only that, but I'm watching him like a hawk for fear he'd powder into the subway and give me the far and wide. But instead of blowing, Mazie—pass the ketchup, please—he barges into the park and begins getting clubby with a pair of bums. Whata guy!

BY this time I'm burning up. Just while I'm wondering if I should call a cop, the little egg jumped back in the cab and told me to take him to a certain cabaret in the East Side. I had no more than got rolling than he said: "New York cure is a tough spot when you haven't got a place to sleep." Oh sister, when he cracked that one I slammed on the brake. "Hey, how are you fixed for dough?" I hollered, all set to part his hair with the tire iron. Instead of getting sore, he looked as cool as a mint julip and said: "Don't worry about your dough, driver, I'll see that you're well taken care of."

"Listen," I says, "you may be Andy Mellon for all I know, but I can't take no chances."—"How'd you like a nice feed?" he asked, hurling me a goofy grin.—"Swell," I says, "but I gotta get my dough."

Well, instead of replying, the little guy directed me to a dood restaurant in the Roaring Forties and invited me

in. The next thing I know, I've got a lap full of linen and am surrounded with enough trick eats to sink the navy. No kidding, Mazie, I had turtle soup, frog's legs, aligator's pears and a steak covered with toad stools. To top the banquet, he ordered a bottle of imported dago red that all but floored me. "Listen!" I asked, "how come you can afford all these swell groceries when you can't find a place to quilt yourself down?"—"Well, it's like this," he tees off. "Everytime I come to New York I always engage the same suite at the Savoy-Ritz but this time I neglected to wire. As a result, I can't get the rooms 'til morning."

Then he pulled out a bank roll, Mazie, what you couldn't get in the chimney of the Queen Mary and paid the check. Seeing the guy was regular, I says to him: "Why not come out to my joint? It ain't Ritzy, but it's clean and you can get a good rest." For a few seconds, he looked at me blank. "Okay," he replied. "Let's go!"

To shrink a tall story, kid, I drove him up to my flea-bag in the Bronx. When we got up stairs I nearly passed out when I saw my sister's kid—Jimmie, age 10—sleeping in my bed. Without squawking, I lifted him up and laid him cross-ways at the foot of the bed and he never even opened his peepers. After that, me and the stranger bedded ourselves down and went sound asleep.

Early in the morning I was waked by the kid yelling his head off. "Hey, Pop! Hey, Mom!" he roared. "Look who's sleeping in Uncle Shorty's bed!"

"Who is it?" asked his mother. "Why, look!" he yelled. "It's CHARLIE CHAPLIN!"—and darned if it wasn't, Mazie, so help me—and me taking the guy for a bum. And that's the taxi racket for you, kid. We may be sitting in the driver's seat, but we don't know nothing.

So long, cutie—I gotta scram.

Still dizzier adventures lie just ahead of Shorty. Watch him drive into them, slam-bang, in an early issue!

COAL BLACK

by

JAMES M. CAIN

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

FROM up the entry came a whirl, the blackness was shot with blue sparks, a cluster of lights appeared and approached. Lonnie opened the trap and the motor passed through. He closed the trap, sat down, and wished he was a motorman. Then he debated whether to eat one of his remaining sandwiches, but decided to wait awhile. Then he whistled *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*. It was one of the three tunes he knew, so he whistled it again. Then he just sat there, and found this pleasant. Of course, *you* might not have found it pleasant to be alone in a tunnel so dark its coal walls sparkled by comparison, with only a carbide lamp to see by and nothing whatever to keep you company. But *he* minded neither the dark nor the solitude: he was so used to both that he hardly noticed them.

As for the tunnel, it had its points. It was always the same even temperature, winter or summer; the air was fresh, the intricate system of blowers and traps taking care of that. He had helped dig it, shore it, and wire it, so that it seemed a part of him—as the whole mine did, for that matter. For this was the only world he had known in all his nineteen years; and he was just as at home in it as you are in your world, and found it just as familiar, just as real, just as satisfying to the soul.

After a while he heard something on the other side of the trap. Instinctively he looked at the rails. If a rat scuttled by, that meant run for his life; for a rat knows, before anybody else knows, when something is about to crack, and it is time to move, and move fast. But no rat appeared, and in a moment he got up, opened the door in the center of the trap, and peered through. At first he saw nothing. He unhooked the lamp from his hat and shot the light around. Huddled against a toolbox, her face smeared with coal dust, her dress torn so that in places her skin showed through, was a girl he judged about sixteen. She stared at him, then began to whimper:

"I'll go away, honest I will, if you just show me the way out. I don't mean nothing. I just come in to peep."

"Who let you in here?"

"Nobody. I hid in a car."

"Where? You mean you hid in it outside?"

"I don't know. Yes, of course it was outside. I hid in it, and then the train ran a whole lot further than I thought it was going to. And then I slid out. And then my matches give out, and it was dark and I got lost. And then I kept falling down, and—oh my, look at my dress! Please show me how to get out. I want to go home."

"Where you live?"

"In the north end of town."

"I never seen you before."



ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

They hugged the wall,
he ahead, she at his
heels, holding tight
to his denim jacket.

"We just moved in. My father, he enlarges pictures. We move from one town to the other. I wanted to see a mine. Please show me how to get out."

"Set down."

She sat down dejectedly beside the trap, and he pondered. You see, it's bad luck for a woman to enter a mine, and whenever this happens, the mine has to be "blown out," as it is blown out when somebody gets killed; that is, all hands have to quit work for the day, lest some dreadful catastrophe ensue. The trouble was that this was the first day's work the mine had had in two weeks, and the last it would have for an indefinite period; indeed, all they were doing now was loading empties for the tippie, so the men could have a little work and stray orders could be filled. If he reported this, and they blew the mine out, it might go hard with this girl; for desperate housewives, counting on a full day's pay to replenish empty shelves, might not be amused if they found they had been cheated by a ninny who merely wanted to peep.

On the next creek a woman who had dashed into a drift to say something to her husband had been so badly beaten she had to be taken to a hospital.

"You know what it means? A woman in a mine?"

"Yes; but I didn't mean nobody to see me."

"Ain't no way you can get out. I can't leave this here trap, and that place you come in, it's at least two mile away, and you can't find it, and anyway you got no light. Ain't no way you can get out, except we wait till quitting time, and then I take you out by the old drift mouth."

"All right."

"You got to stay hid. You heard what I said? They find you in here, something's going to happen to you."



*A Boy, a Girl, and an Adventure
in the Dark!—Here's a Tensely Vivid Tale of Groping, Frightened Hearts*

And they find out I let you stay, something's going to happen to me, too. After they turn me loose, I can't work in this mine no more, and maybe I can't work in no mine."

"Somebody's coming."

"In the toolbox—quick!"

She climbed in the toolbox, and he closed the cover, wedging a stone under it so she could have a little air. He sat down and with elaborate nonchalance resumed his rendition of *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*. Han Biloxi was approaching. Of course, all that was visible was a bobbing point of light; but to Lonnie a bobbing point of light had special and personal motions, so that he knew it was Han Biloxi without knowing how he knew it or even wondering how he knew it. When Han was within hailing distance he stopped whistling and yelled, "Yay, Han!" There was no answer. Han came on, and when his face could be seen, it was grave. "All right, kid. We're blowing out. Jake's train is on the main tunnel, third entry down. He'll hold for ten minutes."

"Blowing out? What for?"

"Eckhart got it."

"What?"

"Rolled ag'in' the rib."

"When?"

"Just now. I seen it myself. Car jumped the switch and got him. He didn't have a chance."

"Gee, I rode in with him."

"You got ten minutes."

Han stepped through the trap, went on to notify miners farther up the entry.

Lonnie lifted the toolbox cover. "You heard him?"

"Yes."

"All right. Now you see what you done!"

"Please don't say that."

"He's dead, ain't he?"

"You don't have to put it on me."

"I'm putting it where it belongs."

She stood up, climbed out of the box, and faced him. "It's not true. Just because I'm in here, it don't mean that's why he got killed. I won't believe it!"

"Whose fault is it?"

"All right; what are you going to do now?"

"I got to go out on Jake's train."

"And leave me in here all alone?"

"I got to go on Jake's train. If I don't show up, they start looking for me. If they don't find me, they think something happened to me."

"And no light. And pitch dark."

"Nobody asked you in here."

"My, but you're hateful."

She turned her back to him, and the nape of her neck looked disturbingly childish. He felt a twinge of guilt. She walked around, shaking her head angrily, and then dashed for the toolbox. She didn't have time to climb into it. She crouched behind it as six or eight miners, following Han Biloxi, stepped through the trap in gloomy silence.

LONNIE called to Han: "Tell Jake not to wait for me. I'm going out by the old drift mouth."

"What's the matter—you crazy?"

"There's a roll of wire up there I want. I'm making myself some rabbit traps. Maybe catch something while we're laid off."

"Come on, boy—stop acting like you got no sense. Whoever hear'n tell of that, going through all them old dead entries just to get a roll of wire? Can't you go up there tomorrow, from the outside?"

"I want the wire tonight."

"Cut the jawing and let's go."

"That's right; if the kid's crazy, let him do what he wants—and come on, let's get out of here."

They went on, their footsteps growing fainter, the splotches of light contracting until they were a small cluster of luminous blurs, when abruptly they disappeared.



She stood up. "My, but it's lonely in here!"

"Come on."

He picked up his lunch bucket and they started down the entry. He led the way on the footpath beside the track, she stumbling along behind. When they had gone a short distance he glanced back, and was just in time to see her reel and wave crazily with her arms to keep her balance. Like a cat striking at prey, he batted her arm down, and she fell, snarling. "What you hit me for? I'm doing as good as I can. That lamp, it don't give

me no light. You can see, but I can't."

"Watch that wire."

"What wire?"

"The feed wire—can't you see it? Up there on the side, at the top of the rib. That's why I knocked your arm down. You touch that thing, it'll kill you so quick you won't even know what hit you."

"Oh."

"We better walk on the track, if that's how careless you are. If you can't see behind, walk up beside me. And anyway, why didn't you say so?"

Side by side they walked between the rails, stepping from one slippery metal tie to the next. He put his arm around her to steady her, and unexpectedly found himself touching her bare flesh. Hastily he shifted his grip, taking her arm. He began trying not to think how soft her skin was, and how warm.

SOON he turned into another entry, and abruptly the top dipped. The height of a mine tunnel depends on the thickness of the coal from which it is dug. The seven-foot seam they had been in now thinned to less than five feet, so that it was impossible for them to stand. He went along at a sidewise shamle, his back bent to clear the top; for low entries were an everyday affair to him and he slipped through them without effort. But she kept bumping her head, and presently broke into hysterics. "I can't stand it no more! I got to stand up! It's pressing down on me! And my back hurts!"

"Ain't much more of the low top. Set down a few minutes, then you won't feel that way."

They sat down, she panting and convulsively straightening her aching back. He didn't look at her. But he was thoroughly aware of her now—of every detail of her slim shape, of those places where her dress was torn, of the heady sweetly sensuous scent that hung about her. Presently they went on. The top lifted, and he turned again. She gasped at what she saw.

A dead entry is indeed a terrifying spectacle, and could serve as a chamber in some horrible inferno. Untended by man, the top erodes from the air and forms great blisters, like the blisters on paint, except that each blister is five or six feet across and five or six inches thick. The blisters then crack and fall, piece by piece, to the floor, which is thus covered with jagged shards of stone that look like gigantic shark teeth. Add that one touch can bring a blister crashing down; that the fragments underfoot can cut through the thickest shoe; that wiring, timber, rails, and all other signs of human activity have long since been removed; and that in fact nothing human ever comes here—and you can form some idea of what the abandoned parts of a coal mine are like. They proceeded slowly, hugging the wall, he ahead, she at his heels, holding tight to his denim jacket. Then they turned into another, worse than this, and then into still another. They had gone only a short distance in this when there was a report like a cannon shot and the lamp went out. She screamed.

"It's all right. Some top fell down, that's all. Stick close to the rib, like I do. It generally falls in the middle."

"Is the lamp busted? Why did it go out?"

"Air. Concussion blew it out."

"Please light it. The dark scares me so."

"Sure."

He had, in fact, already unhooked the lamp from his hat and was banging the (Continued on page 24)



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— try a DRY whiskey*



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from 100% grain neutral spirits



Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865



(Continued from page 22) flint with the palm of his hand. Sparks appeared, but no light. She moaned: "I knew it was busted."

"It ain't busted. Carbide needs water, that's all."

He opened his lunch bucket, to pour in water. Then he remembered he had drunk all his water. He waited, hoping a few drops might still be left. Nothing happened.

He closed the bucket, set it down, puckered his lips, preparatory to priming the lamp with spit. Then his mouth went dry with fright and he couldn't spit. For what he had touched, when he set down the bucket, was a hand, cold and unmoving. She felt his breath stop. "What's the matter?"

"We took the wrong turn."

"Are we lost?"

"No, we ain't lost. But we're in the haunted entry."

"The—"

He placed her hand over the cold thing he had touched. She screamed, and screamed again. "That's the stone—the stone they put up for him because they couldn't get him out. With the hand chiseled on it, holding a palm. And he's in there, and he keeps tamping his powder."

"I don't hear nothing," she whispered.

"You will. . . . He tamped in his powder, and lit his fuse, and started out here to wait for the shot. Then the whole room caved in. And he keeps going back there to see why it don't go off, and then he tamps in his powder again, and—"

"I still don't hear—"

But her words froze in her throat, for off in the rock somewhere began a faint *clink, clink, clink*. Then it stopped. "That's it—that's the needle. Now comes the tamping iron." The sound resumed, reached a brisk crescendo, and stopped again. "Now he's coming out! Now he's coming this way! And we can't move; we got no light!"

They were crouched on the floor now, locked in each other's arms, in an ecstasy of terror. Several times the sound was repeated, and they strained closer as they listened and waited. But fear is a peculiar emotion: it cannot be sustained indefinitely at the same high pitch. In spite of his horror of the ghost, he gradually became aware that there was something distinctly pleasurable about this: lying in the dark with this girl in his arms, shuddering in unison with her, mingling his breath with hers; indeed, with an almost exquisite agony he began to look forward to each repetition of the sound. He thought of her flesh again, and in a moment his hand was touching her side, patting the torn place in her dress, as though this were what the circumstances called for. She didn't seem to mind. On the contrary, his thick paw apparently soothed her; so that she relaxed slightly, and put her head on his shoulder, and sighed. He patted and patted again, and each time the sound would resume they would draw together.

SUDDENLY, though, she sat up, listened, and turned to him. "That ain't no miner."

"Oh, yes, it is. He—"

"That ain't no miner. That's water. I can tell by how it sounds."

"Gee, if we could only get some! But I can't even start the lamp. I'm scared so bad I can't spit."

"Give me that lamp. I can spit."

She took the lamp, and he heard it hiss from plenty of good wet spit. He struck the flint, and flame punctured the darkness. "We got to hurry. That won't last long."

"Keep still, so I can hear."

He held the light, and she crawled on her hands and knees, cocking her head now and then to listen. The flame grew smaller and smaller. Suddenly she thrust her hand under a slab of rock. "There it is."

"You sure?"

"Give me the bucket."

She took the bucket and thrust it under, and at once came the loud *clank* of water on tin. They looked at each other, and he spoke breathlessly: "That's it! That's

how it sounded, only now it's in the bucket." The lamp went out, and they waited in the dark while there came a few drops, then a pause, then a few more drops, then the rapid staccato of a full trickle, then a long pause, then the separate drops again. After a long time she shook the bucket, and they heard the water slosh. "That's enough. That'll get us out."

They poured water in the lamp, struck the flint, and a fine big flame spurted out. They were off at once. They went through more dead entries, then came to where the going was better. He laughed—a high, nervous giggle. "Ain't that a joke? Won't them miners feel silly when I tell them that haunt ain't nothing but water?"

"It come to me, just like that, that them was drops."

"And think of that—that was why they stopped *working* that coal. That's why the company had to close down them entries. Not no miner would work in there."

"Gee, that's funny."

When, still laughing at this, they popped suddenly on to the old drift mouth, it was nearly dark outside, and snowing. They said stiff good-bys; she thanked him for helping her out, and promised to protect him in his guilty secret. She started down the mountain toward the part of the camp where she lived. He watched her a moment, and then something rose in his throat, an overwhelming recollection—of a naked patch of flesh, lovely smell, and brave, hissing spit.

HE called in a queer strained voice: "Yay!" "What?"

"Come back here a minute."

She ran back and stood in front of him. He wanted to say something; didn't know what it was; then heard himself talking, in the same queer voice, about his hope there was no hard feelings about what he had said, back there in the mine, before they started out. She didn't answer. She kept looking at him. And then, to his astonishment, she came up and put her arms around him. Then he said it. He pulled her to him, pushed his lips against hers for the first time, and the words came jerkily: "Listen. . . . To hell with going home. . . . Let's not go home. . . . Let's get married. . . . Let's . . . be together."

She stayed near him, touched his face with her fingers, then looked away. "We can't get married."

"Why not?"

"We got no money. You got no money, I got no money, nobody in a coal camp has got any money. . . . Gee, I'd love to be with you."

"My old man would take us in."

"And your old lady would throw us out."

"All right, never mind the married part. Let's not go home tonight. Let's stay up here, in one of these shacks."

"They'll be looking for us."

"Let them look."

"We'd be awful cold and hungry."

"We can build a fire, and I got two sandwiches left."

". . . All right."

They tried to say something else, but found themselves unexpectedly embarrassed. But then he began shaking her, his eyes shining. "Who says we can't get married? Who says we got no money? Why, I'll have a job! I'll have a real job! I'll have a company job!"

"How will you get a company job?"

"The haunt! Don't you get it? I'll prove to them miners that haunt is nothing but water! Then they can get that coal! Boy, will they give me a company job for doing that! Will they!"

"Gee. I bet they will."

"Listen. Do you really mean it? About camping out tonight?"

"I don't want we should be separated, ever."

"Kiss me again. Maybe we can catch a rabbit. Can you cook a rabbit?"

"Yes."

Inside, an astral miner picked up an astral bucket and sadly prepared to join the great army of unemployed.

THE END



JAMES M. CAIN is a native of Maryland. He put in many years of work on Baltimore newspapers and then joined the staff of the New York World. When the World folded he trekked to Hollywood and set up shop, with great success, as a playwright, novelist, and movie writer.

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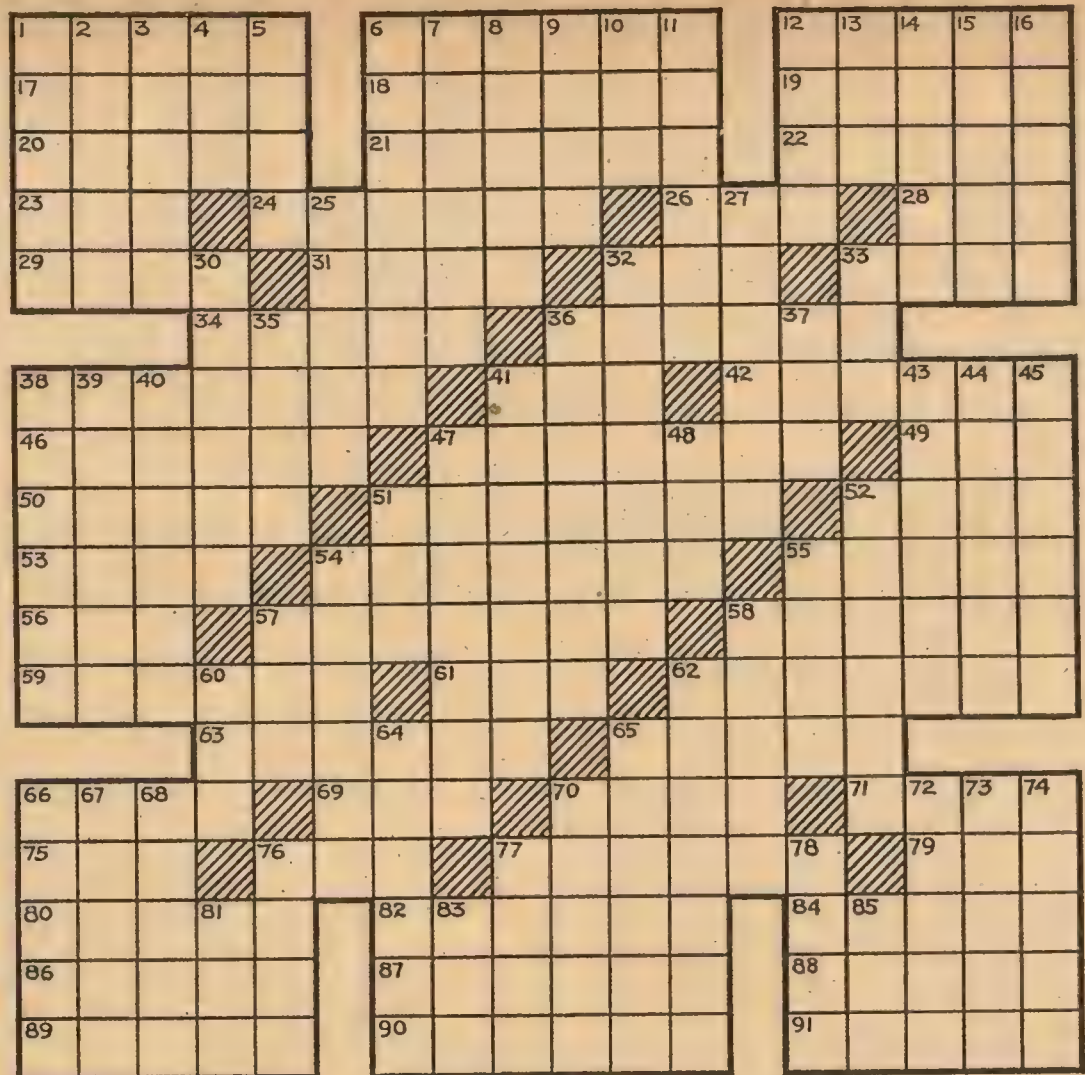
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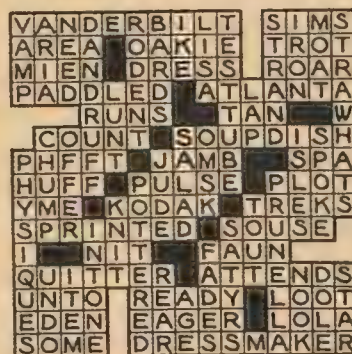
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HORIZONTAL

- 1 Separated
- 6 Contests
- 12 Girl's name
- 17 Wireless
- 18 Birdhouse
- 19 Florentine iris
- 20 Butts
- 21 Frame for stretching cloth
- 22 Fastening devices
- 23 Greasy liquid
- 24 Pains sharply
- 26 Wrath
- 28 Born
- 29 Memorandum
- 31 Classify
- 32 Hurrah
- 33 A joke
- 34 Exploits
- 36 Formula
- 38 Foreword
- 41 Stake
- 42 Character
- 46 Correct
- 47 Supernatural
- 49 Humanity in general
- 50 Effigy
- 51 Pertaining to the side
- 52 Perfect likeness
- 53 Town in Wyoming
- 54 Either of a couple
- 55 Slip
- 56 Woman's name
- 57 General restlessness
- 58 One that carries something on the person
- 59 Remove from tracks
- 61 Measures of area
- 62 Concerns
- 63 Forwards
- 65 Meaning
- 66 Cease
- 69 Equine
- 70 Measure
- 71 Repose



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 75 Ornamental jar
- 76 Essay
- 77 Most dreadful
- 79 Devoured
- 80 Excessively corpulent
- 82 Commander
- 84 Acts irrationally
- 86 Bound with a narrow fabric
- 87 Polite
- 88 Make effort
- 89 Stakes in poker
- 90 Muddled
- 91 A bird (pl.)

VERTICAL

- 1 Criminal burning
- 2 Courtyard
- 3 Matured
- 4 A bone
- 5 Throw
- 6 Glut
- 7 Happenings
- 8 Tint
- 9 Makes lace
- 10 Unrefined metal
- 11 An Aramaic dialect
- 12 Alone
- 13 Danish money
- 14 A chord of three tones
- 15 Squares of baked clay
- 16 Any article of one's property
- 25 Part of a harness
- 27 Nasal
- 30 Image
- 32 Withdraws
- 33 A spouting
- 35 Comfort
- 36 One invested with vicarious authority (pl.)
- 37 Comrade
- 38 Valued
- 39 To shift
- 40 Avoider
- 41 Beats repeatedly
- 43 Arbiter
- 44 Attacker
- 45 Penetrates
- 47 Animal of the ocelot kind (pl.)
- 48 Conveyance
- 51 Youth
- 52 A severe critic
- 54 Column
- 55 Places
- 57 Shame!
- 58 Diminishes
- 60 Craft
- 62 Measured
- 64 Place of retreat
- 65 Calm
- 66 Proportional share
- 67 Of a city or town
- 68 Out of place
- 70 A king of Phrygia
- 72 Anxious
- 73 Severe
- 74 Trials
- 76 Spreads for drying
- 77 Flatfishes
- 78 Allowance for waste
- 81 Comprehend
- 83 Sooner than
- 85 Chopping tool

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

RAINY SEASON



by

N I N A
W I L C O X
P U T N A M

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



BIDDE-ZUMPITY-ZUMP! said the rain on the roof.

The bread knife lay on the table between them, and the woman couldn't keep her eyes away from it. But she didn't want this man who was her husband to know she was watching it, because if he caught her at it he might read her mind and somehow sense the awful thing she was trying not to do.

Bidde-zumpity-zump! said the rain on the roof endlessly, splashing out its maddening tune, as it had without surcease these many days and nights. It hit with insane emphasis upon the little tin patch the man had put there one hot summer day—a hurried job, because they had wanted to go fishing together and were eager to get away. Always, always they had been eager to be together. To fish on the deep-bosomed heave of the Gulf Stream, to trudge through the brush, the hot breath of the Florida backlands sweet in their nostrils. Or to sit idly on the crumbling bank of some hyacinth-filled canal, catfishing, lazy, content, so be it that they were together.

And now for weeks on end they had been together, together, *together* to the point of hatred, almost of madness! The tiny cabin, rain-soaked in the dripping wilderness of long-leaf pine, was a prison whose narrow limits had exhausted talk, relish for the taste of food, passion. The two glared at each other for quick, dreadful moments, or, worse, avoided each other's eyes. Nothing to say. Nothing to do.

Bidde-zumpity-zump! said the rain on the roof. Oh, Lord, and didn't it rain! There was the shrill staccato of the gutter dripping on an overturned tin pail at the corner of the house. The woman had meant to move that pail yesterday, the day before that, and on still other yesterdays. Tomorrow she would surely throw the shawl over her head and bring the

thing inside. But just now there was the bread knife. It was long, narrow and very sharp, and as it lay beside the corn pone, the light from a crack in the boards near the roof fell upon it and made it glitter unnaturally.

Suddenly the woman remembered it was so sharp and bright because the man had taken out the grindstone only that morning and put on the keen silvery edge. But it had been sharp enough before that: certainly quite sharp enough to cut corn pone . . .

The woman looked cautiously toward her husband, slumped in his chair across the table. He was looking at the knife now, staring hard, his face twitching slightly. She wanted to yell at him, to scream aloud that he mustn't be a fool, that she too was fighting off the same nightmare thought. But her dry lips refused to form any words and fear held her silent.

Suppose she spoke, and so set a spark to the already heavily charged atmosphere which had been growing, growing, senselessly, monstrously, between them ever since the rains set in? Would the violence of a quarrel, blows perhaps, be easier to endure than their wordless hours and the dripping of the rain? Or would to speak be courting disaster, advancing some terrible end . . . the end she could not help visualizing?

Would he make that fateful first move, or would she? For, unless they stopped thinking this evil thought, it would presently take form in action. Her eyes stole back to the knife. She loved him—oh, more than anything!—and yet her eyes stole back to the knife.

Bidde-zumpity-zump! said the rain on the roof. He loved her, too; she knew that. But somehow she also knew that people sometimes kill the thing they love, knowingly, regretfully. Suppose he put out his hand

and took up the knife, what would she do? Her eyes fell to the man's work-stained hands: knotted, strong, yet beautiful and full of skill. They could be so tender! Tender beyond belief! Why, only a few short weeks ago those hands . . . she smiled inwardly, closing her eyes.

Then the old temptation came back in a nauseating wave. She hated those stupid hands of his, lying listless on his lap. Useless, inert! They would fly up quickly enough if she took the bread knife. And then she pushed the thought away.

WITH difficulty she arose from her place and walked the few steps toward the bed in the corner, intending to throw herself down upon it. Halfway she faltered. Something was about to happen. Something *had* happened. She listened intently.

Drip, drip, drip, said the eaves in a whisper. Suddenly the woman ran to the door and threw it open. The rain had ceased. From the dark branches of the pine trees great drops like a shower of diamonds were being flung away before the sudden wind. A red-bird called with piercing sweetness; blue sky burst through the clouds.

The woman laughed aloud. The man got to his feet, blinking, smiling slowly; came to the door and drew in a great breath of air.

"South wind!" he said. "Good weather'll hold now!"

The woman smiled back at him. The man took two long bamboo fishing poles from the rafters, reached for the bread knife, cut line for the hooks, and threw it back carelessly.

The woman, whistling under her breath, picked the bread knife up unthinkingly and began using it to cut sandwiches with.

The rainy season was over and they were going fishing.

THE END

Is Fighting Baseball Coming Back?

BURLEIGH GRIMES, "Old Stubblebeard," is back in the big leagues again. That is a more important item to the future of baseball than appears on the surface. Let them sugar-coat the pill if they want to, there is a newborn undercover effort in baseball to get back some of the spirit that flamed in the game in the bristling, battling years when fighting ballplayers made baseball crowds inflammable by the contagion of their own aggressiveness.

Old Stubblebeard, manager of the seventh-place Louisville club in the American Association last season, strolled into the press quarters at Borchert Field after a night game in Milwaukee last summer. Grimes had just had a wild evening, riding the opposing players, fighting with his own teammates, stepping on umpires' bunions, and otherwise making the night miserable for the arbiters but highly entertaining for the spectators.

"You gave the crowd a good show tonight, Burleigh," said one of the Milwaukee newspaper boys.

"That was mild," replied Grimes.

"You ought to see me when I'm going good. After all, the fans come out to see a good show, to see a ball club fighting to win. Maybe I can't always give them a good ball game, but I can give them a *fighting* ball game—and the fans are entitled to that."

So the Brooklyn National League club reached down and engaged the manager of a seventh-place club in a minor league to lead it into battle in the big-league pennant race this year—not because he has been a conspicuous success as a manager, since his team had finished next to last in a minor league, but because he was a *fighting* manager.

The Montreal club of the International League engaged me as manager for this year because, as manager of the Elmira team in the New York-Pennsylvania League last season, I had injected into the game some of that fighting spirit of the delirious days when ballplayers were reckless rowdies and every pennant fight a feud—and I had stirred up local enthusiasm in a town where it had been at a low ebb and made money for a team that had been floundering helplessly in a sea of red ink for years.

Club owners are waking to the fact that the public is fed up on "handshaking" baseball, and that there isn't the same intensity of interest on the part of the players that existed in the

game back in the days before the fires of aggressiveness had become dead ashes.

Witness the edict of Ford Frick, president of the National League, plastering a fine of ten dollars on all ballplayers visiting the opposing players' bench or shaking hands with an opponent on the playing field. When this was announced, "Chuck" Dressen, scrappy manager of the Cincinnati club, issued an accompanying blast of his own. "That goes double on this club," was the message Dressen delivered to his players. "I'll fine you an additional ten bucks if you even speak to an opposing player on the field, except to insult him!"

After losing a close game to the Pittsburgh club last summer Dressen came into the clubhouse to hear his players singing in the shower bath.

"Who won the ball game?" he inquired.

"Why—why, Pittsburgh won," said one of the players, while all of them wondered at the question.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dressen. "I thought we must have won, from the singing I heard in here. Now listen, you guys. If I hear any more singing when we lose a ball game, your music is going to cost you plenty. It's a hell of a time to be singing—and I don't want anybody on this ball club who won't fight to win or who even *feels* like singing when we lose. If you value your jobs you won't forget that!"

And Chuck Dressen, by injecting into a ball club that looked poor on paper some of the inflammable spirit of the furious years when a ball game was something to fight for, made \$100,000 net profit last summer for a team that had always been a financial loser.

Waking to the fact that the fans react to the mental attitude of the players out on the field, they're putting a match to the dead embers of a fire that had become cold ashes.

There were no more Ty Cobbs in the game because the flaming spirit that could breed a Cobb had flickered out.

Let me take you back into the reckless, rowdy years of battling baseball and show you the miracle that a fighting spirit performed in my own case.

July 6, 1914, at Ebbet's Field in Brooklyn. The Boston Braves, in last place by fourteen games and the worst-looking outfit that ever called itself a big-league ball club, are scheduled to play a double-header with the Dodgers. We were getting into our uniforms in the crowded clubhouse

A Veteran Reviews the Diamond's 'Rowdy Years' and Reveals Some Signs of Their Happy Return

by

RABBIT
MARANVILLE

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



Umpire Byron emerged from that battle with a black eye.



Maranville when—
"no ballplayer was
too big for me to
swing at his jaw."

have tried. That afternoon in Brooklyn I became interested in the phenomenon of a rowdy playboy who is suddenly developed into a baseball star by changing his battlegrounds from the hot spots around town to the big-league baseball parks.

Starting that afternoon of July 6 in Brooklyn I accepted a total of seventy chances all over the field before I made my next error. I had only *one error in the next 132 chances*—and no ball was too difficult for me to try for, even if I had to dive for it, and no ballplayer was too big for me to swing at his jaw if it served my purpose to do so.

For the balance of that season of 1914 Johnny Evers and I were the craziest and wildest pair that ever guarded second base and dared any base runner to come in with his spikes high. In the heat of a ball game we'd swing first and ask questions afterward. We kept lashing each other into a fury that wouldn't subside.

"Yellow—that's what you are—just yellow!" Evers would yell at me if I failed to block a base runner, or if I let one slide into second without kicking his foot away from the bag.

IN a game out in Cincinnati, Joe Tinker, then playing manager of the Cincinnati club, slid into second when I was covering. As he went to hook the bag with his foot, I kicked it away, then caught the ball and tagged him out when he actually had the throw beaten. Tinker took a kick at me with his spikes—and the next minute we were staging a bare-knuckle battle. I was doing pretty good for myself when Umpire Bill Byron and the other players on both teams declared themselves in. That made it a battle royal, from which Umpire Byron emerged with a black eye.

We got into a fight in every town we played on that midsummer Western trip that took us from last place to a tie with the Giants for first place in the most remarkable pennant surge of baseball history. I am not relating these rowdy episodes in a spirit of egotism or as something to be proud of—I only want to show how a ballplayer can extend himself far beyond his natural playing ability by a fighting spirit that is fanned into flame within him.

Never before rated much of a hitter, in the spell of that fighting urge I suddenly became poison in the pinches.

In Chicago, on July 9, in winning the fourth consecutive game of that fighting pennant surge by a score of 3 to 1, I drove in two of our runs and scored the other one with three hits delivered in the clutch.

Then, in the last half of the ninth, the Cubs filled the bases with only one out. The next batter drove one over second base that looked like a sure hit. If that drive went safe it would at least tie the score. I raced out toward center field and lunged headlong for the ball in what looked like just "the old college try." I managed to spear it with one hand out on the edge of the grass, and with almost the same motion I wheeled and shot the ball to Evers at second base as the force of my plunge after the ball threw me flat on the ground. Johnny made a quick snap throw to Dutch Schmidt at first base—and we ended the ball game with a spectacular double play.

Two days later in St. Louis we went into second place by beating the Cardinals in both games of a double-header in which we staged another riot—and I won the first game with a three-base hit that drove in the winning runs of a 7-to-5 score, and contributed to a 4-to-0 victory in the



Johnny Evers. Starting a clubhouse brawl was his part of a frame-up

when Johnny Evers started to crab. George Stallings started to bawl out Evers, and then Johnny dragged me into the argument—and the next minute a fine young brawl was boiling in that Brooklyn clubhouse. We went into the ball game that afternoon with a chip on our shoulder when Stallings dared us to start anything on the playing field.

I didn't know at the time that this was all a frame-up between Evers and Stallings to get us aroused to fighting pitch. But that afternoon we filled the Brooklyn ball park with insults and rode the Dodgers right out of both ball games.

In beating Brooklyn that afternoon I had fourteen chances without an error, three of them sensational stops and throws I wouldn't have thought of making in my normal mental attitude and probably wouldn't even



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second game with a two-base hit, with runners on second and third, besides grabbing off twelve chances all over the infield without an error.

The next day we went into a tie for the lead by beating St. Louis 2 to 0—and Evers and I, the rowdy battlers, scored both runs.

But there was one day I'll never forget as long as I live. That was September 26, 1914. On that day we opened a series with the Cubs in Boston. I came to bat with two out, the bases full, and the score tied in the fourth inning—and I slammed the ball clear over the left-field fence for a home run, beating the Cubs 6 to 2.

That same afternoon I fielded eleven chances without an error and started two double plays in the pinch, to say nothing of fighting with everybody on the ball field. Boy, was I in that ball game!

I was only five feet five inches tall and weighed a meager 150—but in the spell of that flaming spirit I was putting into my game every inch and every ounce of what had been converted into fighting ballplayer that knew no limitations.

This isn't a boast. It's a confession. For without that flaming fighting urge I wouldn't have lasted long enough to get a toe hold in big-league baseball.

From July to October that year Johnny Evers and I established an all-time record for double plays made over a similar period—and we were scrapping and lashing each other to miraculous feats all the time.

LABOR DAY, 1914, will long be remembered by the baseball fans of Boston. That day the Giants came to Boston in a tie with us for first place. We had fought our way from nowhere to that exalted position, and all Boston was seething with excitement. We played two games that day before 72,000 wild and raving maniacs—and before we had begun to put a fighting spirit into our ball games we couldn't draw enough to start a good crap game.

The crowd that day was inflammable and so were the players. McGraw, who knew the psychology of rowdy baseball, got us away to a good start by demanding police protection for his players. The whole place was ready to explode and just waiting for somebody to put a match to the combustible material.

Fred Snodgrass of the Giants got a base on balls from Lefty Tyler, who was pitching for us. Instead of going to first base he started out toward the pitching mound, putting his thumb to his nose in an insulting gesture. Tyler responded by giving an imitation of an outfielder mugging a fly, an obvious reference to Snodgrass's historic "\$100,000 muff" in the last inning of the final game that had lost the 1912 World Series for the Giants.

Then hell broke loose in that Boston baseball park. Snodgrass became the target for a fusillade of pop bottles and cushions hurled from the grandstand and the center of a whirling mass of fighting ballplayers who seemed to be operating on the plan of hitting the one nearest to them and going from that on.

McGraw had a muscle in his shoulder ruptured by being hit with a pop bottle. The mob behind the ropes in the outfield surged into the battle. One spectator was trampled till he subsequently died of his injuries, and several others had to be hauled away to the hospital. When the police had cleared the field and play was finally resumed there was hardly a player in the game who didn't show marks of the conflict.

Mayor Curley of Boston wired a demand to President John K. Tener of the National League demanding that Snodgrass be expelled from baseball. That's how excited even dignified citizens and public officials had become.

You don't get that intensity of baseball interest any more, and it is that interest that club owners now wish to restore.

It is that flaming spirit that baseball has lost.

During a fanning bee at the midwinter meetings in New York last December, Johnny Evers remarked to me: "It isn't our kind of baseball any more, Rabbit."

"Well," I replied, "I'm going to make it my kind of baseball—and they'll take it and like it!"

Another article by Rabbit Maranville will appear in an early issue.



The ladder. Had Hauptmann made it, even months before the kidnaping, his fingerprints should have been on it, says Dr. Hudson (at right).



A Scientific Verdict on the Lindbergh-Hauptmann Riddle

From His First-Hand Knowledge of the Case a Noted Criminologist Presents a Startling Array of Reasons for Believing that Justice Went Wrong—There Is Proof, He Says, that the Man Who Died Was Not the Sole Criminal

JUST a year ago, on April 3, 1936, the State of New Jersey closed its books on the most publicized trial in the history of the world, when Bruno Richard Hauptmann shuffled to the electric chair.

Yet the case never has been really closed, and many prominent authorities connected with it, as well as part of the reading public, are of the opinion that the bottom of it has not been sounded.

Hauptmann was put to death for the kidnaping and murder of the twenty-months-old son of Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh purely on circumstantial evidence, much of it scientifically deducted. From the day of his arrest until his last mortal breath the prisoner denied inculpatory evidence. Believers in his absolute innocence are exceedingly few. Many more, I find, feel that he had "something" to do with the kidnaping but that others were implicated.

Hauptmann's prosecutor, Attorney General David T. Wilentz, had told the jury that Hauptmann alone com-

by DR. ERASTUS
MEAD HUDSON

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

mitted the crime, and the indictment on which he was tried included no recognition of possible accomplices.

Four important phases of the case stand out in my memory as the points that led to his conviction: the defense admission of identi-

cation of the body as that of the Lindbergh baby; Hauptmann's admitted possession of almost \$15,000 of the \$50,000 ransom paid out by Colonel Lindbergh; the identification, through comparison of handwritings, of Hauptmann as author of the ransom notes; and Hauptmann's alleged construction of the rickety three-section ladder which the state contended had been used. Many jurists feel that, lacking all other evidence, sufficient proof of Hauptmann's guilt rested in these four points to secure a conviction.

The case gave an excellent idea of what could have been done in the way of scientific investigation. It also brought to light certain frailties of our advanced methods of criminal investiga-

(Continued on second page following)

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(Continued from second page preceding) tion which should be corrected. The power of a jury of laymen to pass on the highly technical evidence of experts, to my way of thinking, is only one of the absurdities exposed. Unfair both to the defendant and to the ends of justice was the state's refusal to submit to other investigators and experts for pre-trial examination highly important material exhibits in the case, some of which even today might throw new light on the kidnaping.

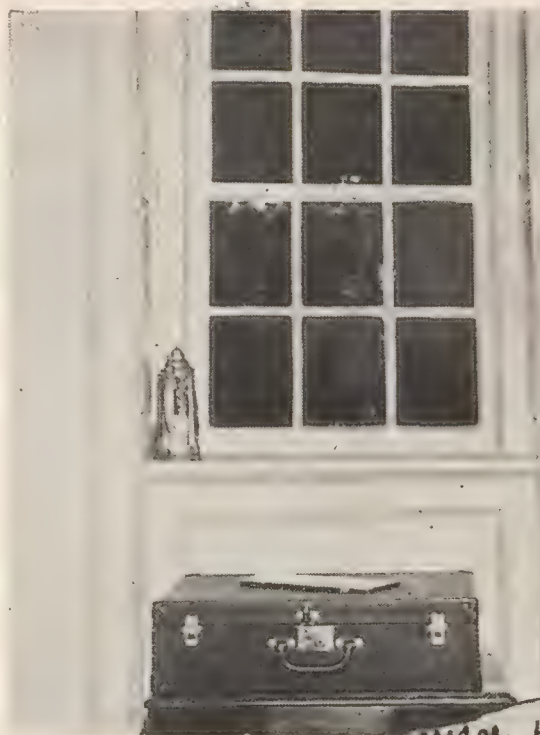
A few days after the child disappeared from the nursery, my old friend the late James F. Minturn, formerly a justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court, induced me to enter the case to determine whether the kidnapers had left fingerprints. On the afternoon of March 13 Oliver Whateley, the Lindbergh butler, who has since died, greeted us at the front door and escorted us to the dining room, where Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, her mother Mrs. Dwight Morrow, and Lindbergh's friend and attorney Colonel Henry Breckinridge were finishing dinner. Mrs. Lindbergh looked drawn and weary, but she managed to smile and express the hope that I would find everything I needed, before she left the room. Colonel Lindbergh, though his eyes were clear and his color good, showed indications of being tired. We were told that he had had little sleep during the preceding two weeks.

The Lindberghs could not conceal certain little glances of impatience and suspicion. They had been plagued by all sorts of cranks, well meaning nitwits, publicity seekers, etc. But while the futility of the investigation had told on their nerves, their patience, and their belief in human nature, it had no effect on their courtesy toward those sincerely sympathetic and in some measure helpful.

COLONEL LINDBERGH looked on curiously as I opened my old medical bag, into which I had packed brushes, atomizers, and bottles. We covered the dining-room table with old newspapers and laid the instruments on them. Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, who headed the state police throughout the entire Lindbergh case, watched suspiciously. He complied gingerly when I asked him to lay his hand gently on a small piece of wood; he touched the board with his fingertips and withdrew his hand as quickly as if it had been a hot stove. I sprayed the wood with silver nitrate and handed it to him. He looked at it curiously for a moment, and offered it back with a tart remark: "Doctor, if you see anything there, your eyes are better than mine."

"Please take it over to the window and let the sunlight at it for a minute," I asked. Plainly skeptical, he complied. He as well as the Lindberghs had been having a trying time of it. I felt that this little demonstration was necessary to gain their confidence.

Colonel Schwarzkopf stood near the window through which the evening sun's rays slanted. As the golden beams played on the surface of the wood, he was joined by Colonel Lindbergh and later by Colonel Breckinridge. Gradually small dark spots took form where Schwarzkopf had placed his fingers. Another minute, and his fingerprints stood out, as hard and sharp in contour as though they had been engraved on steel.



The nursery window. The absence of fingerprints on it and its broad sill "proves conclusively," Dr. Hudson declares, "that the kidnaper had an accomplice." Right: "New-York" in a ransom note. Is it really rare for Germans to hyphenate it?

The trio looked at me, their eyes wide with astonishment. State troopers came to observe the results. Mrs. Lindbergh and her mother were called in. They expressed wonderment and pleasure.

Newspapers have since referred to the silver-nitrate method of fingerprint detection as the "Hudson process." In truth this method was used many years ago in France by the famous Dr. Aubert; but I was first to use it in the United States, and in my own right I may lay claim to an original method of application and solution which, even today, police find some difficulty in duplicating. When I discovered the process twenty years ago, I did not know that any one else had ever used it.

Trooper Frank Kelly of the state police suggested that we examine some toys in the Lindbergh nursery. He had managed to obtain, through ordinary methods, a baby's print from one of the tiny chairs. His problem was to preserve it. When I poured shellac over it, I could see Kelly shudder, turn away, and bury his eyes in his hands. But a moment later the print came out beneath the shellac, clearer than it had appeared before. It should now last as long as the longest memory of the Lindbergh case. Later, however, Kelly told me that for many months, whenever he heard the word shellac, cold chills played chopsticks on his spine.

From the baby's books and toys we were able to produce and preserve enough palm- and fingerprints, under application of a new French chemical, to identify or disqualify without dispute any "living Lindbergh baby" that might be presented in the future.

A point of great importance rested in the absence of any fingerprints on the nursery window and its remarkably broad sill. Kelly had powdered it a few hours after the kidnaping. No prints were found, although Betty Gow, the child's nurse, and Mrs. Lindbergh had opened and closed the window that same night. Miss Gow had rubbed the child's chest with an ointment the oleaginous base of which would have augmented the secretion of the finger ridges in leaving clear prints. Of course there would have been older prints as well. The reason Kelly failed to get all these prints was because they must have been washed off. Some one with a pail of water and cloth undoubtedly bathed those spots where fingerprints must have been left. They did so between the time Betty Gow put the baby to bed and about four hours later, when Kelly began investigating.

It is ludicrous to suppose that the kidnaper climbed the ladder with the pail and rag and descended with this in one hand and the baby in the other. It is equally unreasonable to suppose that any one alien to the household, wearing gloves, as the prosecution contended the kidnaper did, would have any interest in eliminating the normal fingerprints to be found in the nursery.

Bluntly, the absence of fingerprints on the window proves conclusively that others than Hauptmann were involved; that the kidnaper had an accomplice probably within the Lindbergh household. Major Schoeffel of the state police called my attention to this fact when he told me, "Doctor, I cannot understand and Kelly cannot understand why the fingerprints of Betty Gow were not on that window." Miss Gow even showed Kelly where her hand

was placed on the window. No reflection whatever is meant to be cast upon Miss Gow, least of all that she may have been an accomplice.

Hauptmann's counsel, during the trial, made a grievous error in attempting to belittle the fingerprint work of Sergeant Kelly and

G. After you get the H. Lindbergh but then 3 the new Yorks among many is really not we will give

Sergeant Louis Kubler, Kelly's associate, both of whom, considering their equipment and experience, did an excellent job.

A few days after I entered the case, Kelly and Kubler agreed to my suggestion that we try to obtain fingerprints from the ladder which the state contends was used in the kidnaping and which at that time had been lying neglected in a rear hallway on the ground floor. Kelly's previous efforts with powder had failed. We moved the ladder into the laundry in the basement, and set to work on it. For three days Kelly, Kubler, and I sprayed every inch of the structure without testing to see whether or not

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner, is aware that there are many people who still believe that the Lindbergh kidnaping case was not ended when Hauptmann was electrocuted. Yet no official connected with the trial has the slightest doubt that the carpenter from the Bronx was the guilty man—and solely guilty.

In spite of all the caveats filed against the state's theory, such as this article by Dr. Hudson, those responsible for the arrest, trial, and conviction of Hauptmann are still satisfied that it was a one-man job and that Hauptmann was that one man.

These officials, charged with the duty of enforcing the laws, had the best opportunities to discover the truth and presumably the best equipment to deal with it. Yet the doubters continue to doubt. Dr. Hudson, who speaks his mind forthrightly in Liberty this week, was the one witness for the defense who had the complete respect of Prosecutor Wilentz and his associates. Here is a man they felt should have been on their side.

Yet read what he has to say here!

Mr. Colt believes that discussion of such matters should not be hushed up. If honest doubts persist in the public mind—and in the Lindbergh case we know that they do—then to silence any one is a bad service to our national respect for law. What Mr. Colt believes in is even more discussion. Particularly he would like to hear from Governor Hoffman of New Jersey. The earnest and long-continued efforts of the governor can be explained only on the theory that he knows more than he has told. In the interest of public confidence in the police and the courts, Mr. Colt believes that sooner or later the governor will make a complete statement—and it will prove interesting reading to all concerned.

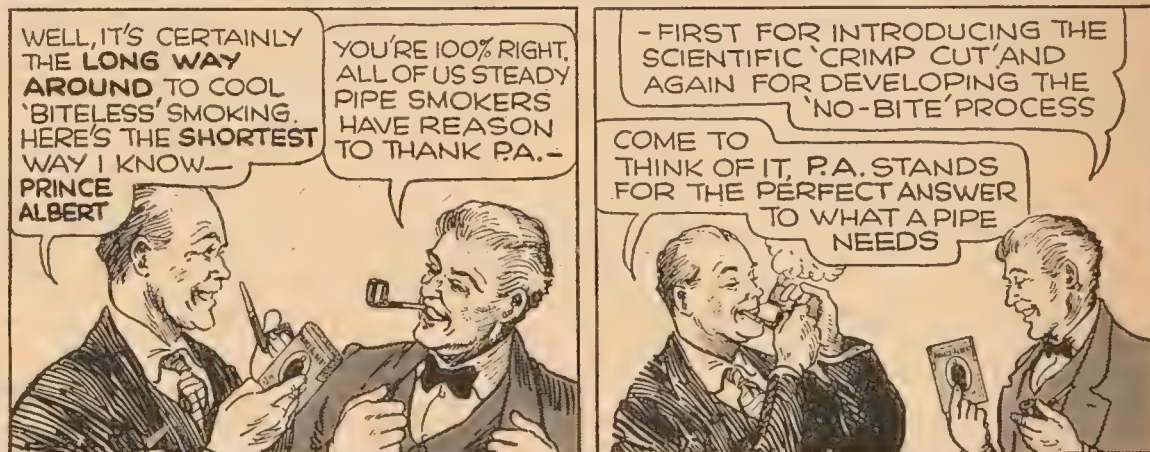
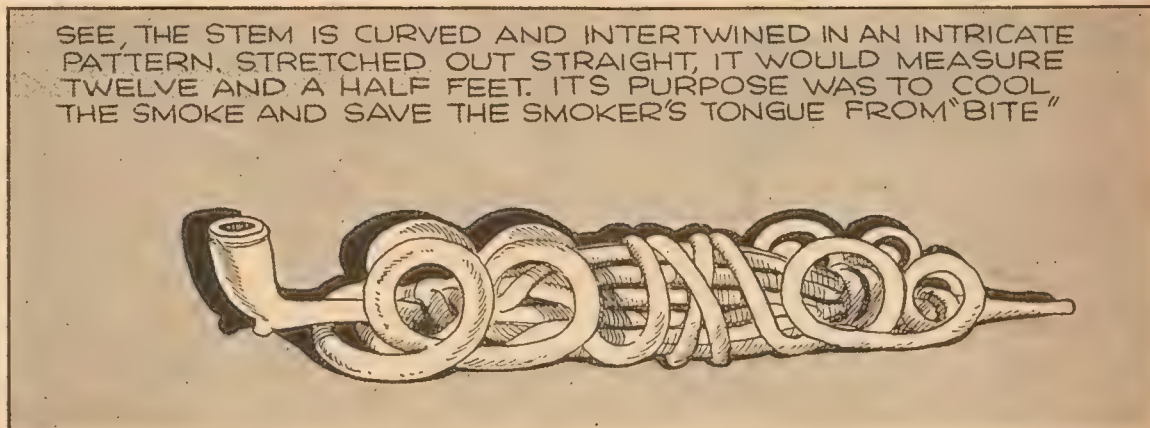
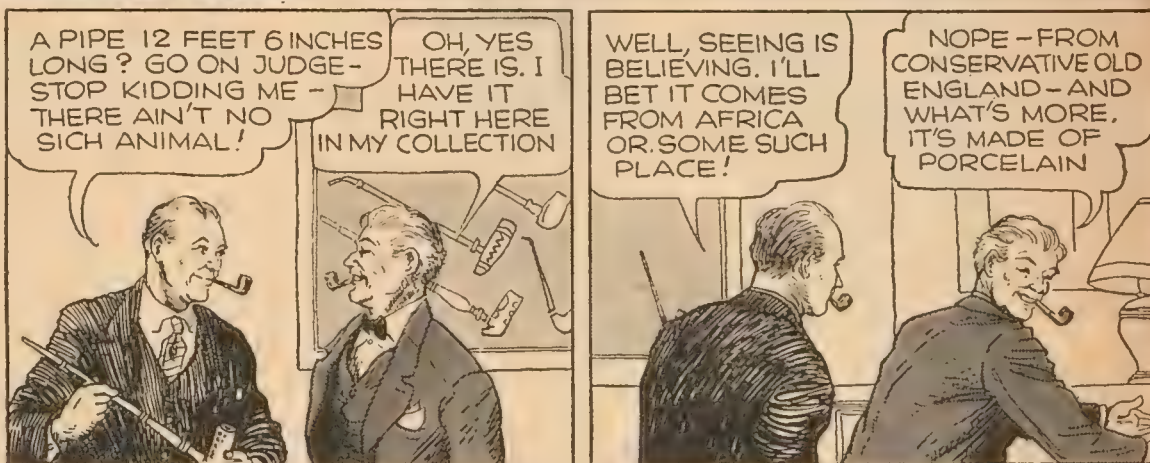
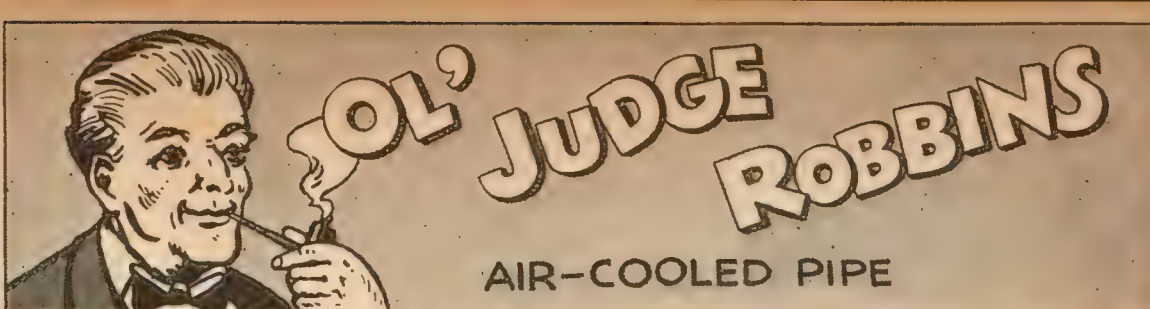
Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

our labor bore fruit. Convinced of the value of the work myself, I hesitated to test for prints before the job was complete, because I feared that others might become disheartened with a fruitless test.

We took the ladder out of the basement into the cold brilliant rays of the sun at last. The postman asked us if that was the famous ladder, and remarked, "Why, you fellows have covered it with a lot of shingle stain."

He entered the house, and when he emerged the ladder was literally covered with prints. Almost every square inch of its surface was ridged with palm- and fingerprints, some fragmentary, a few overlapping, another few blurred, but many complete and clear. Closer inspection showed fingerprints on the ends of the rails and even under the rungs where they had been nailed down.

Kelly and Kubler went over the 5,000 square inches of surface for days, photographing more than 500 prints and fragments, which, Kelly said, appeared clear and very well de-

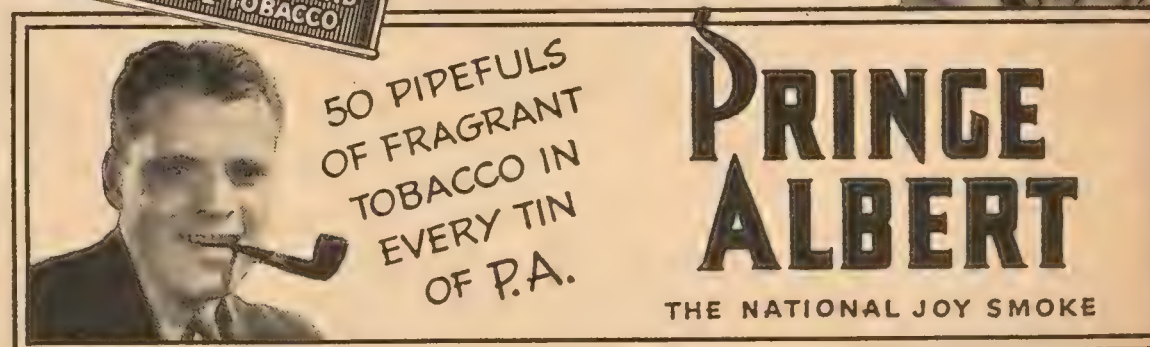


PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL MAKIN'S TOO!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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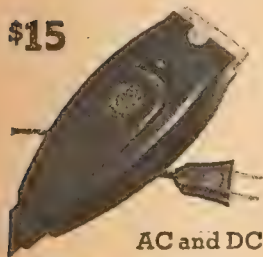




"It isn't a rich man's gadget"

[From the letter of a working man who paid half-a-week's wage for his shaver, and wouldn't sell it for \$100 if he couldn't buy another]

\$15



AC and DC

Wealth cannot buy more shaving comfort, for it is the same Schick Shaver that is used in humble cottages and in luxurious homes. It brings more pleasure into a man's life than any other personal possession *yet it is the cheapest way to shave.*

It is not an expensive, tricky gadget but a new and revolutionary way to shave that is fast changing the shaving habits of the world.

THIS AMAZING TRUTH

We thought at first that only men with money would buy the Schick Shaver. To our astonishment we found that working men—truck drivers, policemen, postmen, laborers—insisted on giving up the old lather-and-blade method of shaving to use the Schick.

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL YOU WAIT?

More than a million men are daily Schick users. Every day brings new users by the thousand. Doesn't this convince you that it is only a question of time when all men will use a Schick Shaver?

Why do you put off another day the joy of comfortable, painless shaving without lather and blades?

THERE'S A DEALER NEAR YOU

Any Schick dealer will demonstrate the shaver to you, explain the advantages of electrical shaving, and tell you how you save enough on blades, soap, creams, etc., to pay for the Schick over and over again.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, \$16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

finer. Each picture covered six square inches of the ladder's surface, with at least two digital impressions possible to the square inch. More than a thousand pictures would have to be taken to cover the entire surface.

When we took the ladder back into our improvised laboratory in the basement, Kubler summoned his superiors and Colonel Lindbergh. The aviator appraised the work minutely, going over most of it with a lens.

He turned to me with an expression of satisfaction and said, "Doctor, you ought to write a book on this."

Here the ladder fingerprints and I parted company. Kelly told me the pictures "came out damn well." Captain Russell Snook of the state police said that "thirty or forty perfect prints" could not be identified as belonging to those who were known to have handled the ladder.

I urged the state police to submit the prints for identification to the Department of Justice in Washington, which has the most complete file of fingerprints in the country. A New Jersey official told me scornfully, "When there's any glory to be had, the Jersey troopers will grab it." I offered to have them submitted through the many connections I maintain in Washington, so that the Department of Justice would not know who wanted them identified. I was turned down by the Jersey police.

Later, an official of the Department of Justice smiled and said, "Don't be naïve! The Jersey police never gave any of us a chance to examine any of their evidence in the case. They don't seem to know about our files and laboratory facilities."

EARLY in May, 1932, I wrote Colonel Schwarzkopf that I was quite sure an iodine-gas process, unknown to police, would develop fingerprints on the ransom notes. I never received a reply from him.

When the news of Hauptmann's arrest came out, I called a state police officer at the Trenton barracks. He told me in high elation that "We got our man."

"Were his prints on the ladder?" I asked. The reply was, "No."

"Then you'll have to look further," I said.

"Good God, don't tell us that, doctor!" he said, nonplused.

When the press and police were at the height of their attack on Hauptmann, unheard, untried, and unconvicted as yet, I felt that, in fairness to the defendant, Colonel Schwarzkopf should make public the fact that fingerprints had been found on the ladder and that none of them were Hauptmann's. He had repeatedly denied that prints had been found on the ladder.

I wrote him to the effect that if he did not make this public I would see fit to do so, at the same time stating the opinion that if Hauptmann had made the ladder from six to eight months prior to the kidnaping his prints should be on it.

When I entered the case, I told Colonel Schwarzkopf that I preferred to keep my name out of the papers and that I wanted his hard-working troopers to get any credit that might accrue from my work. Now I was in the embarrassing position of seeking some measure of justice for Hauptmann in the public prints, with Colonel Schwarzkopf repeatedly denying that any fingerprints whatsoever had been found on the ladder.

Over Kelly's objections and unknown to myself, the state police washed all fingerprints off the ladder, once it was learned that Hauptmann's were not among them.

Captain Snook advised me that Attorney General Wilentz would like to see me, that I might be used as a state's witness. I replied that, to my way of thinking, the fingerprint matter was one for the defense, and reiterated my request that the authorities clarify the fingerprint situation and save me the embarrassment of doing so. I was told no such announcement could be expected. So I called in my friend MacGregor Bond of the New York World-Telegram and released the story the day before Hauptmann went on trial.

I won a feeble victory over common police unfairness—by no means confined to the Hauptmann case—in withholding evidence for pretrial investigation by defense.

My investigation in behalf of the New Jersey police and later for Hauptmann's counsel and Governor Hoffman, all conducted without fee, drew heavily upon my

long and varied experience in criminology.

When I entered the Lindbergh case my background included a Bachelor of Science degree from Harvard, chemistry and mathematics as majors; summers of study in Harvard engineering camps; five years of study at and degree of Doctor of Medicine from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York; four years as a surgeon in the medical corps in the United States navy; twenty years in medical practice; and twenty years of study and application of American and foreign methods of criminal investigation and research into my own theories in several fields of the chemistry, forensic medicine, biology, botany, mathematics, and other sciences indispensable to complete criminal investigation.

My criticism of the state police and the prosecution of the Hauptmann

Further vital points and problems in the Lindbergh case will be analyzed by Dr. Hudson in an early issue.

case is based not so much on what they did as on what they left undone. This despite the fact that the federal, state, and New York City police spent almost \$300,000 plus the time of detectives and agents running down clues, and despite the fact that a much larger amount was invested in procuring evidence against Hauptmann. Experts calculate that, in all, more than \$650,000 was spent in the conviction of the German carpenter. New Jersey drove a notoriously bad bargain. The defense, of course, had access to no such expensive opinion or exhaustive investigation.

The peculiar characteristics of Hauptmann's handwriting that identified him, in the minds of the state experts and apparently of the jury, as the author of the ransom notes are no affair of mine. It did interest me to learn, however, that defense experts were given little opportunity to examine these writings and that Department of Justice and New York authorities had no chance whatever to inspect them. Eventually a psychiatrist, to whom they were loaned for a short time, surreptitiously photographed them and gave copies to the New York police.

In this connection, it is also of interest to recall a point that did the Hauptmann defense no good.

I was amazed to hear the famous handwriting expert, Albert S. Osborn, testify at length on the rarity of the hyphenated "New-York." Much of my mail from Germany hyphenates "New York." Many of my German acquaintances tell me they were taught in school to hyphenate "New York."

Even today I cannot but wonder whether other opinions so glibly and profoundly asserted by experts before the Hunterdon County jury were in truth more accurate.

THE END

How would *your* laxative rate with the doctor?



YOUR DOCTOR is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about *little* matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry *you*. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

Consider the various points listed below. Will the laxative *you* now use meet every one of them?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point! No wonder so many doctors

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

use Ex-Lax themselves and give it to their own families. For more than thirty years, mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST OF EX-LAX

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax *is* mild, *is* gentle, *is* thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. You'll observe that it does *not* over-act or upset you. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being.

If you have been taking nasty, druggytasting purgatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking Ex-Lax. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

L 47

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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Address.....

City.....Age.....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Marching DEAD MEN

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TERRY'S and Jenks's effort to rescue a distressed damsel from the night-life of Larache proved a fizzle. Starting to carry her off bodily, they were set upon by all the other girls in the dive—and it came out that her piteous story was a lie and she was nothing but a hardened little half-breed who had never been outside Morocco! But next morning, sobering up, they forgot their chagrin as Captain Fernando led the squadron to Arzila. On the way they found a village in smoldering ruins—bandits' work—and rescued a few refugees. The seaport town of Arzila seemed quiet until night, when two Moorish sentries were mysteriously knifed on the sea wall. The second night, Terry's rascally servant led him and Jenks into the native quarter for "relaxation"—which at dawn was interrupted by an alarm. Another attack of some sort!

PART FOUR—THE MAN-KILLERS' LAST STAND

FOR the remainder of that night in Arzila, law and disorder played a grim game of hide-and-seek. I found myself in charge of a detachment of our squadron, twenty-five men—one of a score of such prowling patrols.

Two more guards had been knifed and their bodies spirited away, leaving only telltale patches of blood behind on the wall. All this under the noses of a strong Legion guard! They had proved themselves no whit better than the boys of the Moroccan cavalry. That was some consolation for us. But this time we were, every man, determined to get the killers.

There was no trace of them, no impressions on the sand below the sea wall. It appeared reasonably certain that they had not made their getaway in that direction.

The old city was scored off in sections. We started a house-to-house search—and Spanish Legionnaires are a pretty tough mob. Turn them loose on a city, and what is likely to ensue? The native soldiery were even worse. The night was made hideous with the screams of women and the howling of children.

What a riot it all was! Hundreds of men off the leash. In less than an hour the whole Arab town had gone crazy. Killers were about by the score. The death list grew and grew. There were some women who jumped in terror from the flat roofs down into the dirty alleys. Nor did mere girls and boys escape.

We did eventually find our killers—or rather, they found us. Mean-

while, presently we were fighting for our lives. Hidden snipers had turned the search into a pitched battle. We were entering a particularly noisome alley when a hail of shot met us. We ducked for cover. At the far end loomed a tall building. From its roof and archways flashes stabbed the blackness.

We could do no more than fire back blindly. But for those hidden in the building it was a simple matter to pot at every little movement down below. Another patrol joined us. We tried to surround the building. It was too well provided with snipers and guns.

We crouched by the alley walls, in archways; took aim at the stabs of fire. More and more Legion patrols joined us. When they saw we could make no headway, the defenders began to yell and jeer. Then we knew that we were facing once more the dread women of the death squad.

I have been in one or two wars, but I've never known any in which women took so wild and ferocious a part as these Spaniards and half-Spaniards. They were crafty fighters, knew the game from A to Z. I don't believe they were in it for any other reason than the hope of making records in man-killing. This was something inherent in them, a mania. They laughed at death. They were too crazy to know fear.

Not that the women had it all their own way in that alley. There were occasions when one of them would slouch a little too far over the parapet of the roof. For a brief space she would be silhouetted against the purple of the sky. In that instant a shot would go home, and a black-skirted figure would topple over the parapet and come hurtling into the street with a crash.

None the less, with the black night in their favor a handful of women could hold a garrison of men at bay. But what would they do when daylight came? In the hour before the dawn that alley was strangely cold, deathly still. The stars paled. The lilac hue gave way to a cold grayness. There was a stirring among the crouching drowsing men. Detachments were told off to station themselves on roofs overlooking the stronghold. We broke our way into the houses, now mostly empty. With my party I reached a flat roof some two hundred yards away from the objective. In the half-light it was difficult to detect any movement over there.

Suddenly the sky was a

*In Which "the Female of the
Species" Proves Her Terrible
Prowess—A Stirring Story of
the Mad Campaign in Morocco*

by
TERRY BRENNAN
as told to Captain
W.J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO



Every window behind those shutters was a machine-gun nest! With the first sunlight they broke into action.

blaze of light and color. We slouched by the parapet, our guns at the ready; but there was no sign of life on that roof. Our view commanded every corner of it.

I looked down at the façade of the building—and gasped. Every shutter was pierced. Every window behind those shutters was a machine-gun nest! With the first flood of sunlight into the alley they broke into action.

In sixty seconds they had swept the street clean of every living thing. This, then, was the trump card of the women of the death squad, for there had been no sign of machine-gun action during the night.

Some one sprang across the alley. Instantaneously the guns redoubled their stuttering chant. The daring one escaped into the opposite building, however, for the

street was hardly two yards wide at that point. It was Captain Fernando. A few minutes later he joined me.

It seemed there was a strategic scheme afoot for advancing on the building by way of the roofs. We must bridge a way from one to another. Fortunately the gaps were mostly narrow and could be jumped.

For several hundred yards around that stronghold men suddenly appeared on neighboring roofs, running at the crouch toward parapets, then leaping from one side of a street to the other—a grim circle closing in on that one building. But the beleaguered women were quick to detect the move. They brought up their guns, assembled them within the canopy at the head of the steps leading to their roof, and proceeded to spray lead in a wide circle.

The effect was terrific. Men were shot dead in mid-air, in the very act of leaping. The ring of fire checked the rest of us within a few yards of the objective. For hours we lay behind parapets only fifty yards away and endeavored to pick off the women behind the machine guns. Soon the crazy timbered structure of the canopy was riddled. But it was standing. We had no means of knowing how many of the women remained within. Their guns were not stilled.

The men were frantic for a charge. What they promised those women, once they should have them in their clutches, would not bear repetition.

At last our own machine-gun crews began to assemble on the surrounding housetops, then to concentrate their fire on that tottering canopy. spurts of smoke rose above the splinters of its timbers, and suddenly the whole crazy structure was in flames. The guns ceased. There was no more shooting from either side. We stood idle for a space, watching the blaze.

Detachments were ordered to the streets to cut off any attempt to make a getaway. The remainder of us rushed toward the burning roof. The heat was appalling. We recoiled, then made desperate rushes at the flames. Scores of men were leaping and dancing about the roaring thing, working feverishly to smother it.

We were beaten back toward the parapet, clothes, hands, hair, and faces singed and scarred. In the end we had to retreat to a near-by roof. A fire wagon rushed up, hose were brought into play. It took the better part of an hour to get the hellish thing under control.

When we returned we found a mass of charred rafters and smoldering debris, the twisted metal of machine guns, and two burned and blackened bodies. The men skewered the two on their bayonets and tossed them over the parapet.

THEN we dropped into the rooms immediately beneath the roof. They were deserted, of course. No living thing could have remained there under that terrific heat. The next floor we took more cautiously, searching every nook and cranny. Then the next floor, on down, leaving a trail of wreckage behind us as we descended.

We reached the ground floor without coming upon a soul, but there we found a hidden recess in the thick wall, filled with thousands of rounds of ammunition. If that fire had reached this arsenal, the explosion would have blown the whole neighborhood to hell.

Where could the rest of the women have gone? It was inconceivable that two had held off a whole garrison. The rest had not escaped into the streets. That was made impossible by the cordon of troops. They must still be somewhere in the building.

"Say, buddy! There ought to be a cellar and a trapdoor. There always is in all the best stories."

That was just how I felt. But we could find no trace of anything of the kind.

Then somebody had a brainstorm. There was an old, disused fountain in the middle of the courtyard—a sunken bowl about five feet across with a square of two-foot wall covered with tiling.

When the men got to work to break it up, just to make sure that there was nothing underneath, a whole section of wall came away in a solid block, revealing a long narrow cavity like a grave. And grave it nearly proved to be for the women who were hiding there!

We could get no answer to our repeated calls, so we smoked them out with burning rags. They came up at

last, five of them, coughing and spitting, still blasphemously defiant. And what wretched specimens they were! Hair hung about their dirty faces in snaky tails. Their clothing was torn and bedraggled. One was a plump and comely wench, in her teens. The other four were much older, with something rather terrible in their dark eyes and in the expressions of their drawn mouths.

There was no trial. No man had any kind of doubt that these were the killers who had stolen out of their hole for two nights past to stab Nationalist guards.

They yapped at us with foaming mouths until they were exhausted. They met all questions with sullen eyes and tight lips, with expressions that seemed to say, "Do your damndest. We have fought for the cause."

At a signal from the officer in charge, a score of men rushed at them, threw them against the wall of the house, and tied them up there. While tying them, the infuriated men could not restrain themselves. The young girl suffered most perhaps. She had some pretensions to beauty. It was quickly marred, blood-smearred. Yet she stood it all as stoically as the rest.

The climax came when her arms were freed from the wall shackles. A great hulking brute went up to her, gave her a mocking bow, took the plump little hand in his own and made as if to kiss it. Instead, he—

Never mind just what he did. She shrieked until she passed out, her head slumping in death.

The hulking fellow took no further notice of her. He still grasped her hand, for he was using her severed arm as a club to beat the other women insensible.

WEEEKS followed during which Arzila was more or less normal. But over the green belt that stretched for miles outside the city the situation was somewhat different. These disturbing days offered the tribes out there grand opportunities for plunder and banditry. Moreover, somebody was gunrunning.

Patrols were sent out constantly. They returned empty-handed, or with a useless captive or two, but with no real information. The bandits and the Loyalist fugitives would come out of the blue of night, wreck and plunder the near-by hamlets, harass the outlying camps, knife a guard, then disappear into the night again. There were a thousand hideouts beyond the rolling green plains, in secluded valleys and hidden fastnesses.

Patrolling with the squadron was a sheer joy by day but after dusk a nightmare. On moonless nights it was little short of suicide. Dusk would find us pitching camp, every man tied to his mount.

One morning we had barely entered a green valley when—phut!—a shot echoed. One of the Moorish trackers, riding ahead, toppled from his saddle.

Captain Fernando bit off an oath. That was the second tracker we had lost within the hour. The squadron was halted. We sat staring up the hillside. Not a sign of a living soul! But there was a small patch of cactus that might hide two or three sharpshooters. Jenkins and a dozen men dismounted and started to climb. A flurry of shots rang out. Every man dropped like a stone.

Then silence all over that lovely green valley. Jenkins raised an arm and went crawling on up, his men following. We remained in the lee of a bank and watched. For a space nothing happened. Then another gust of shot, and three Moors rolled down the hillside like bundles of rags.

Our men opened fire, peppered the bush, ran in on it. We heard Jenkins yell an order. The firing stopped. Three dead Arabs were dragged forth and tumbled down the hill. But those three had got four of our men.

We combed both the hillsides without coming upon another sniper, mounted again, and passed on. Fernando swore he would not rest until he had the leader behind these scattered sharpshooters.

Toward evening we halted under the shelter of a jutting ridge. It looked like an ideal spot for the night's camp—until shots rent the air again.

The captain rapped out orders. Mounts were driven under the cover of the ridge. From across the gully and about halfway up the hillside shots were being poured into us. Quite a mob over there. We must rout them before darkness fell, or

(Continued on page 42)

SUCCESS STORY

from a New Angle



It's NEWS when a Low-priced Car starts a Vogue in America's Smartest Circles

HERE'S SOMETHING from our latest records. From Coast to Coast, DeSoto sales are far ahead of last year's...in many cases more than doubled!

Fact No. 2: Included among new owners are...many of New York's "400"...an international financier...stage and screen headliners...a member of European nobility...many "Who's Who" personalities...and several business men in the \$50,000-a-year bracket.

And DeSoto is one of America's *lowest-priced* cars! This is SUCCESS from a new angle.

No matter how fastidious you are...we believe DeSoto will win you—*completely!*

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low, sleek. And that bold "in motion" design is just a hint of the thrills you'll feel when DeSoto's 93 horsepower takes you places!

IN THE SUMPTUOUS "room-for-six" interior, you'll get the smoothest ride you ever experienced! It's something new in engineering. New rubber body mountings, new airplane-type shock absorbers, a new distribution of weight... "float" you along the roughest roads—softly, silently, without a bump.

Here, at last, is true straight-line steering. No "edging off" on gravel or rutty roads...no "wheel-fight." It is, in truth, the most fatigue-proof car ever built...safest, too, with all-steel

body and genuine hydraulic brakes.

Plus all this value, you get the amazing fuel savings of DeSoto's new "Economy Engine"!

There are *new* low prices. Don't let spring slip by. Take a De Soto out tomorrow! Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

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*"You are
good company now"*

*"—how well I re-
call the days and
long evenings when
I felt tired-out and
looked it."*

FADED...with a sad looking skin...no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation...you may have to face it, too.

Overwork...worry...undue strain...colds and other human ills often take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood. Hence a run-down condition...a weakened body...a poor complexion.

If you are so unfortunate, no longer do you need to worry, as to how you may regain strength...firm flesh...restore a natural glow to your skin. Simply take a tablespoonful of S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal...and forthwith, within a shorter space of time than you probably realize, those weakened red-blood-cells will become healthier and richer.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Be good to your skin from within and your skin will be good to you. Enjoy more pep...more vigor...by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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(Continued from page 40) heaven knew what they might not do. Fernando's heavy jowl was set like rock as he stood there deliberating.

Then he ordered out the machine-gun crew. He would lead them himself up the slope to the ridge. I would go along too.

It was not exactly pleasant, crawling into the open and then up the slope. We had been seen, and shot whined around us. Besides, we had to drag along the gun parts and the cartridge belts. Those devils over there knew precisely what we were attempting, and they were determined we should not succeed.

There were moments when I felt that we should never make that ridge. But there was no question of turning back. Captain Fernando led the way, and he could have led those Moors into hell.

He was on the ridge first. One by one he dragged us up alongside. The gun was assembled, the belts brought up. He threw an order over his shoulder. I got a bead on the spot he indicated and the music began.

And that was fun. We had the range beautifully. Two figures toppled and crashed among the bushes as they careered down the hill. The gun was singing a song of revenge. We hadn't had a chance like this for days.

Fernando crouched motionless, his monocle fixed on the target. The Moorish crew around me were grinning. A thrill of savage joy swept through me. This was the life—rat-tat-tat...tat-tat...tat-tat-tat...

The captain's hand moved slightly. I glued my eyes to the sights, swung the gun a little to the left, thrust at the firing button. The hand was raised again. My fingers were off the button. The bush over there had parted. A figure in dirty white slumped out. Again the hand motioned. I applied a steady pressure to the button. A rescuer paid for an unguarded second or two.

CAPTAIN FERNANDO was astonishingly farsighted. Strive as I would, I could not make out any movement over there. But he never made a mistake. He was a magician. Certainly the Moors thought so. They put it all down to that bit of glass stuck in his jowl. Sweating behind that gun, I almost believed in the magic powers of the monocle myself!

That moving hand of his was uncanny. If a few seconds' pressure on the button failed to register a target, the hand would quicken impatiently, and I would know it was I who had failed. I would correct the bead and thrust again, and out would come riddled snipers. I plastered lead in a score of places and always got results. Hour after hour went by while we raked that slope.

As the sun dipped toward the sky line the fire from the snipers abruptly ceased. What devilry were they up to now? Or had they all been accounted for?

I stared at the bulky figure of the commander. He was sprawled a yard

or so ahead of me, staring immovably across the valley. He seemed to stay that way for ages. As time passed I came to the conclusion there was nothing left alive on that slope. I started to rise, with the idea of taking a look-see myself—and up went that gesturing hand.

I flopped again and took a bead as it directed. The monocled wonder was too right for words. He had seen movement where no one else could. The digging out of more snipers became almost monotonous before he finally gave the order to cease fire.

We found a few of them still alive—but we were not taking any wounded. What astonished me was to see the captain, after the squadron had returned to the ridge, coming in with a live prisoner, a wretch in dusty rags whom he led by the scruff of the neck, and who did not appear to be wounded at all. He had escaped our eyes—but not Fernando's. Then I saw that one arm hung limp and there was a streak of dried blood through his scrub of beard. He was a Spaniard. Maybe our commander took him for the leader of this troublesome mob.

HE was tied up to a stake by wrists and ankles. Fernando towered over him, firing questions. The fellow remained sullen. The captain remained calm, unhurried. He fixed the prisoner with that bit of glass and spat queries from a mouth that hardly moved.

When, after trying for a while, he received no response, he merely motioned with his huge paw. Four of the Moors stepped up and started to prod the prisoner with their rifle butts. This can be damnably painful; even so, all they could get out of him were ragged grunts. It began to look like stalemate.

Fernando tried again. It went on and on, the firing of questions and the intervals of prodding. Darkness descended. Camp was pitched, guards posted, rations brought up. Still the treatment continued. He did not cease his questioning even while he ate supper.

Frankly, I was not concerned about this miserable prisoner. Clearly he had a tale to tell, and he was a fool not to get it off his chest—and the rifle butts with it. Instead of which he continued to shake his head sullenly.

Eventually Captain Fernando changed his tactics. He walked over to his saddle harness, drew out his sword, played a while with the keen blade, bending it this way and that, as if its workmanship pleased him intensely—though it was the manipulation by his powerful hands rather than any movement of his cold features which gave one that impression.

Then he faced the prisoner.

A third degree given with the cold steel! It was to lead to the uncovering of an arsenal, to a butchering of Loyalists, to an onslaught by bandits! With these, Terry Brennan will conclude Marching Dead Men next week.

FUN! RELAXATION! EASY MONEY!
LIBERTY PRESENTS THE NEW
ALPHA CONTEST

\$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!

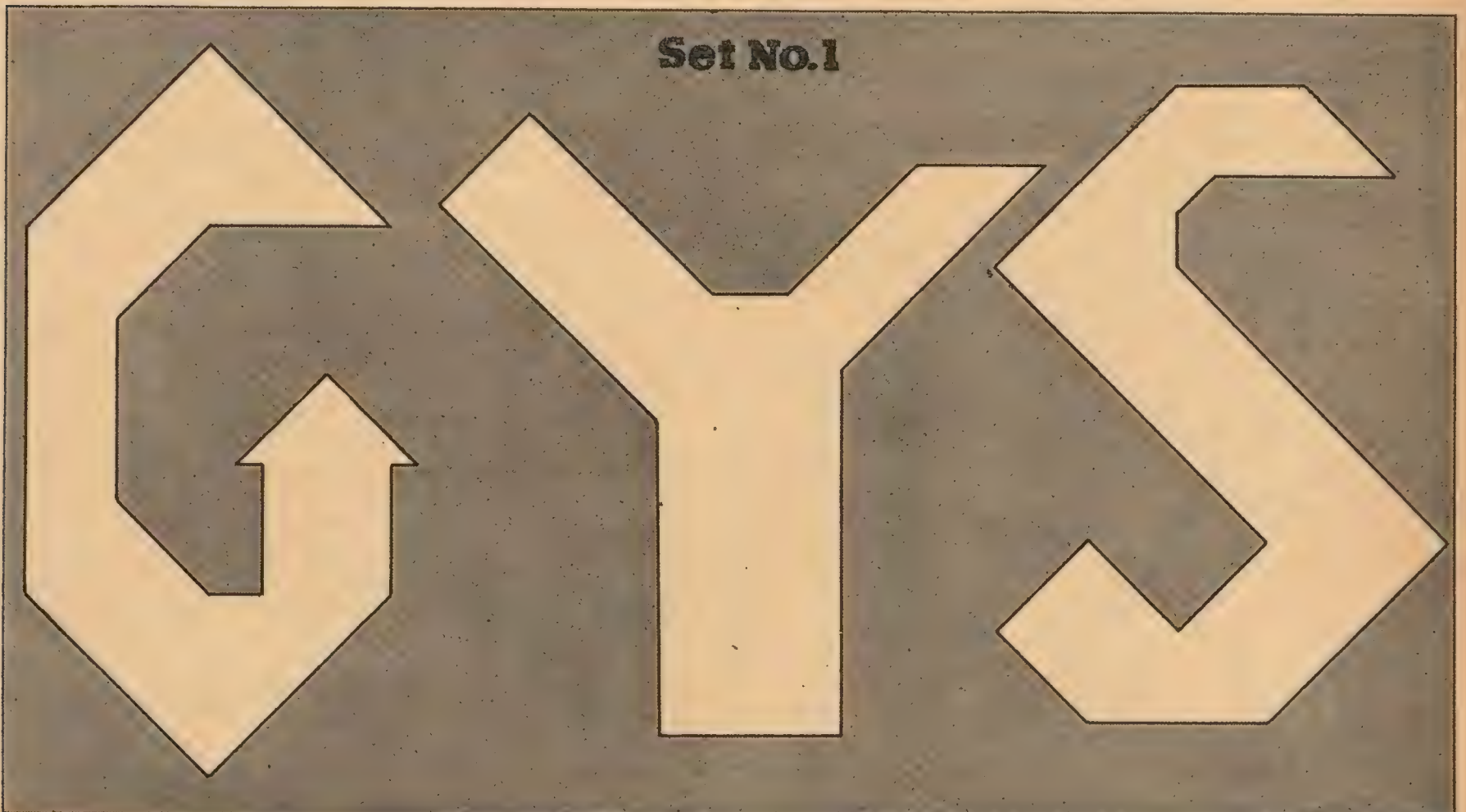
**YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT
 START AN ENTRY NOW**

ON this page Liberty presents the first three outline letters in the \$2,500 Cash Prize Alpha Contest announced last week. Here is a great chance for fun, relaxation, and easy money! Of course you will read the rules carefully in order to understand all of the conditions of the game. In summary, here is a general explanation: Using seven geometric master figures—five triangles, a square, and a parallelogram—all of the letters of the alphabet have been constructed. Each of the master figures has been used once in each letter. Liberty will publish the outlines of the letters. The problem is to discover the combination used for each letter and to draw in the seven master figures on each outline. The master figures are obtainable from the address in Rule 7 upon written request, enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of production, handling, and mailing. Each contestant must obtain a set of master figures with which to solve the letters as directed in the rules. When you have used them correctly, your solutions will each show a combination of the figures as illustrated in the sample letters W and L published last week and included with the master set for your information. Your chance to win is excellent. Send for your master set now and get started toward a big cash prize.

FIRST PRIZE	\$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each \$10	100
220 PRIZES, Each \$5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish three outlined letters of the alphabet formed by using the set of five triangles, one square, and one parallelogram which comprise the master set of Alpha Contest geometric figures. Every master figure is used just once in the formation of each letter.
2. The perfect solution for each outline letter will find all seven master figures so combined that they will leave no area uncovered and will not extend beyond the outline at any point. When you have a letter so solved, make dots at the corners of the master figures, remove the figures, and draw in their outlines. Your solution will then show the outlines of the seven master figures within the letter as illustrated in the sample letters W and L supplied with your master set.
3. Sets of the seven master figures are obtainable by written request to the contest address in Rule 7, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of printing, handling, and mailing. When your master set has been used to solve all the letters in this contest, paste it upon the final letter before your entry is submitted. Each entry must include the master set used in its preparation.
4. Do not send in separate solutions. Mail them all at the same time, as a unit, at the end of the contest and include a statement of not more than fifty words telling why you have been interested in this contest.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved letters accompanied by the clearest, most interesting statement will be awarded the \$1,000 first prize. On this basis, in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive awards according to the accompanying prize list. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, June 2, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries by first-class mail to ALPHA CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.



*A Gun-Girl Unmasked,
a Mix-up Unscrambled,
Thrills and Laughter—
and Love... So, on a Joyous
Comedy, the Curtain Falls*

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH



Henrietta's BIG NIGHT

by
Edwin Balmer

READING TIME

18 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

SOMEBODY on the stairs! "I'll see who it is," I said; and I went to do it.

"A woman!" I reported, after I'd peered down.

"Gosh!" said Bo, who'd taken a peer, too. "Ophelia!"

"Who?" demanded mother.

"Her," said Bo.

"Coming up here?" said mother.

"What does it look like to you?" said Bo. "Draw back and see what she's come here to do."

There were curtains which covered a sort of nook in which the Blot cached his spare clothes and boots and boxes and things. We went behind them, for the time being. There were several little slits in the curtains.

Ophelia came to the door.

She was a large lean lady with prominent nose and pinkish hair; very girlishly dressed. If she was the patroness who had plunked the Blot, she'd gone home to change after the ceremony; for she was fresh as the dew in a frock (younger misses' style) for the forenoon. Hat to match.

I felt mother, who was beside me, stirring as she stared out of her slit in the cretonne.

Our visitor didn't look in our direction at all. She stared down at the Blot. She showed no surprise at seeing him there—any more than at finding the door down. She noticed it; that was all.

She went right to the Blot.

"Beloved!" she blew at him; and flopped down beside him. "Beloved!"

Bo and I bulged out the curtains. She seemed to us too close to the Blot, in light of the damage we figured she'd already done. But the dame seemed content with that damage—or even sorry for some of it. At least, she was making no move to do any more beyond blowing into his face: "Beloved!"

"Cut the switches!" he croaked; and Bo and I knew what that meant.

The Blot was having the old familiar feeling of having landed on his head and coming to after a crack-up; and he was repeating the words with which any good pilot regains consciousness.

"Cut the switches. Take the passengers out! . . . See specially to the women and children."

"Beloved!" blew Ophelia again.

Now the Blot recognized the voice; and he shuddered. "Who's here?" He cringed.

"Beloved!" bellowed Ophelia.

"Don't shoot!" begged the Blot. "Just tell me what you want, Ariadne! And don't shoot!"

Mother flung the curtains from before us; so the four of us put in an appearance.

Ophelia Adriadne looked about. Mother she evidently recognized; and Bo. But she looked in almost the same way at Dorothy and me.

"Welcome, witnesses!" she said.

"Witnesses?" repeated mother.

"Witnesses!" said Ariadne. "Of my devotion!"

"Devotion?" was the best mother could do; but she added: "Didn't you shoot him?"

"Shoot him?" said Ophelia—and looked from mother to Dorothy. "Is that chit your child?" she said.



"Good gosh," I said to Bo, as they rearrested mother, "when this gets to Edward!"

"I'm her mother," said mother.

"You may be a mother," said Ophelia, "but it's plain that you never knew anything of love."

"What?" said mother.

"And utter, utter adoration!" continued Ophelia Ariadne. "I gave all to my husbands. And how many have *you* had?"

"One," said mother.

"I have had five; and to each I have given all! All! Love; lifetime devotion; and utter, utter adoration. And what did I receive in return? Is this chit your daughter married?" She was still talking to mother.

"No," said mother.

"Don't ever let her marry a Texan," said Ophelia Ariadne. "They're untrue—Texans."

"All Texans?" mother said.

"All that I had the misfortune to marry," said Ophelia Ariadne. "They marry you in Dallas, you see," she warned mother, "and then they betray you in Brownsville and Austin. Atrociously in Austin."

"How atrociously?" Mother had to follow this up.

"They have love nests. With stenographers. Blonde stringy stenographers."

"Stringy?" said mother.

"They call them slim. I call them stringy; and they are stringy; and most immoral."

"Certainly." Mother agreed on that.

"But I thought that I could trust a man who had been a famous flyer!" said Ophelia Ariadne.

"Him?" said mother, looking at Bo.

"Him," said Ariadne, blowing down again at the Blot. "But he proved false—utterly false. And a trifle, too."

"Don't shoot!" begged the Blot again from his situation on his back on the floor.

"Darling! Beloved!" she cooed over him.

The Blot bore it for a minute. "All right. Shoot!" he said then, and closed his eyes once more.

Mother had completely recovered herself. "You all see that this makes me perfectly innocent!" she said to us.

"Of bumping the Blot?" I said. "Well, I should say you had a perfect alibi for that anyway, being in the hands of the police."

"It makes me innocent of everything — especially of the shooting of Mr. Squadray. A child of six could see it. This woman clearly did it all. Look at her handbag now!"

I had been looking at it; and so, I saw, had Bo. Ariadne seemed to be paying no attention to us. She was

bothering over the Blot, and she had left her handbag beside her on the floor.

Bo moved it with his foot and slid it behind him. Then suddenly he stooped and picked it up.

Ariadne forgot all about the Blot. She jumped to her feet.

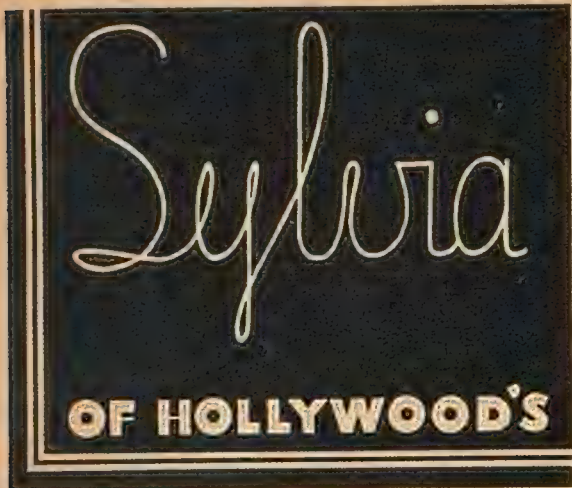
"Give me my handbag!" She grabbed at Bo.

Bo backed from Ophelia Ariadne. He opened the handbag; and I was near enough to see the leading item of its contents—a neat little blue-barreled automatic.

Ariadne kept coming on.

"What do you want out of your handbag?" Bo inquired.

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"My compact, brute!" said Ariadne.

Bo gave it to her.

"Where's a mirror?" said Ariadne.

"Over there," said Bo, and was rid of her; for she went to the mirror, which was in the rear of the room above a washstand which was curtained with cretonne, as the clothes closet was.

We all watched her for a moment while she set to remaking her face before the Blot's mirror. Then she drew the curtains close behind her.

But we could see the bulge of her back of the curtains; she was practically in sight. Bo had just got hold of her gun; the only door was the one we had broken down; and the four of us were between her and the doorway.

Mother was the first to turn away from Ophelia.

"Let me look at that pistol," mother said to Bo.

"It looks like the one you had last night," Bo said.

"You mean the one *she* had last night," mother said, "and put in my handbag."

"Yes," said Bo.

"It's plain," said mother, examining the pistol, "she had a pair. I wonder who she shot with this one?"

"Besides the Blot, you mean?" I said.

Mother paid no attention to me. "How do you send for an ambulance in New York?" mother said to Bo.

"For her?" said Bo, trying to take back the pistol from mother. "Good heavens, woman, don't shoot her!"

"I want the ambulance for him, of course," said mother, looking back at the Blot. "He certainly needs one. Her case we can—"

It was as far as mother got.

Ophelia Ariadne was doing a dive out the window.

"Stop her!" mother commanded.

But nobody could stop her. You see, while we'd been talking, Ariadne had opened the window; so, when she started her dive, there was no glass or anything else to hinder her. She went right through and dropped.

Dorothy screamed.

Then we all listened.

I FIGURED—and I could see that the same expectancy seized the others—that there ought pretty soon to be some sound from below.

There was nothing.

Bo and I got to the window; and we saw why.

Ophelia Ariadne was dangling about fifteen or twenty feet below the sill and was looking up at us.

Dangling, and swinging a bit. On a rope, you see. And as she dangled she dropped a bit; she was riding the rope down. There was a belt about her which was attached to the rope; and the rope was paying out from a reel which was bolted to the floor beside the Blot's washstand. It was one of those life-belt-and-rope-and-reel arrangements which serve for fire escapes in some buildings.

"Gosh," said Bo, "a penthouse parachute!"

Mother joined us at the window and looked down.

Ophelia Ariadne looked up and saw us—especially mother.

"Tra-la-lu!" sang Ophelia Ariadne to her.

"Stop that woman!" said mother again. "Bring her right back into this room!"

"Certainly," said Bo, grabbing the rope.

"Help!" yelled Ophelia, outside and below. "Help! Fire! Police!"

She was hanging over a court, not a street. Still, she attracted attention.

In fact, windows were opened all around the court; and several women besides Ophelia Ariadne began screaming. Ophelia was getting a lot of splendid support.

SHE wasn't dropping down any lower, since Bo had grabbed the rope and stopped it paying out; but we weren't succeeding in pulling her up, either. So she kept on dangling there about twenty feet below us; and right opposite her was a window with another woman who was out to do her bit in the emergency.

This dame had read, undoubtedly—and who has not, at some odd moment?—the first page of the telephone book. And now she was putting it to use. She had a strong voice and her window was open; and she called for the whole works.

"Fire! Police! Ambulance!" came up to us, just as advised in the phone book. "Operator! Operator! Operator! I want to report a fire! I want a policeman! I want an ambulance!"

"There's no fire," mother denied out the window.

"There is, too!" said Ophelia Ariadne. "There's also murder!" she yelled for better measure. "Tell the police they're a den of murderers!"

"Operator! Operator! It's murder too!"

Mother drew back a bit. Dorothy was beside her.

"Somebody below," said Bo to me, "has snubbed the rope around something. It's no use trying to haul her up."

So we stopped trying to haul up Ariadne; but we could keep her where she was.

"Well," said Bo to me, "what's your bet?"

"On what?" I said.

"The city services," said Bo: "the police; the fire department; an ambulance; and the homicide squad. She's called them all out. Take your pick."

"I'm putting five," I said, "on the fire department. To win."

"Who to place?" said Bo.

"The police will arrive second, I think," I said.

"I'll take that one," said Bo. "I'm playing the hospital boys to place. On a fast track a New York ambulance is very good."

We had a few moments to ourselves while Bo and I held on to the rope; and Dorothy figured she might as well

improve the occasion as much as she could.

"Mother," she said, "how did you escape from the police?"

I shut down the window on the rope. It helped to hold the rope, and it also shut out some of the yelling.

"I managed to escape," mother told us then, "when the truck hit the police patrol wagon."

"Oh!" I said. "A truck hit the police bus?"

"It ran right into us," said mother. "It knocked us over."

"You and who else?" I said.

"The police," said mother, "and the most villainous lot I've ever seen together."

I looked at Dorothy. "Her company of felons," I said.

"It appeared," said mother, "that some of their friends were driving the truck and they ran into us to free them."

"Did they?" I said.

"They did not," said mother. "I think they freed only me. You see, the police had the men handcuffed to them. They hadn't handcuffed me."

"Where'd you get that cape?" Dorothy, even at that moment, had to know.

"A sympathetic woman gave it to me," mother said. "She also helped me to escape from the vicinity. I considered, Alice," mother went on to Dorothy, "seeking your father at the hotel."

"He would have been waiting for you," I said.

MOTHER made no reply to me. "But the more I thought over my calamity, Alice," mother said, "the surer I felt that the key to it was that woman out there. Last night that man"—she looked back at the Blot—"mentioned his address. I remembered it, and came here."

"Check the fire department over the finish line," Bo said to me, pushing up the window and leaning out. "An easy first."

"Who's second, Bo?" I said.

"The ambulance," said Bo. It was beating its gong out in front.

"The deuce it's second," I said. "The police are on the stairs right now."

The homicide squad, with an assistant district attorney, also was close up—in fact, almost in the money.

They all found something to do.

The fire department plucked Ophelia down from the wall; the ambulance boys hustled off with the Blot. The police and the homicide squad gave a lot of attention to us.

"Good gosh," I said to Bo, as they rearrested mother, "when this gets to Edward!"

"Who's Edward?" said Bo.

"A boy upon the burning deck, if there ever was one, Bo," I said. "In other words, father."

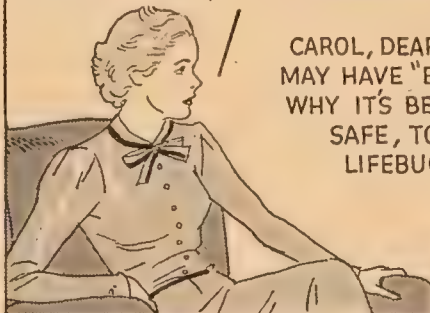
Then they ran us all in.

After about an hour and a half the judge began to see the light. In fact, he freed Dorothy and Bo and me, and even became open-minded about mother.



"B.O." HAS NO FAVORITE
AND
NO FAVORITE HAS "B.O."

SO "B.O."S THE REASON I'M ALWAYS LEFT OUT OF THINGS. AND I THOUGHT IT WAS MY POOR SKIN. OH, I'M SO ASHAMED



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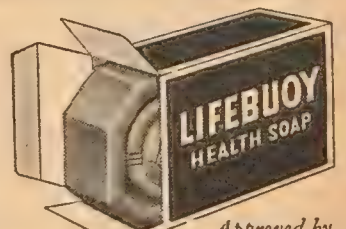
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I'LL SAY IT SOFTENS MY WHISKERS! MILD AND SOOTHING, TOO. I'M STICKING TO LIFEBUOY!



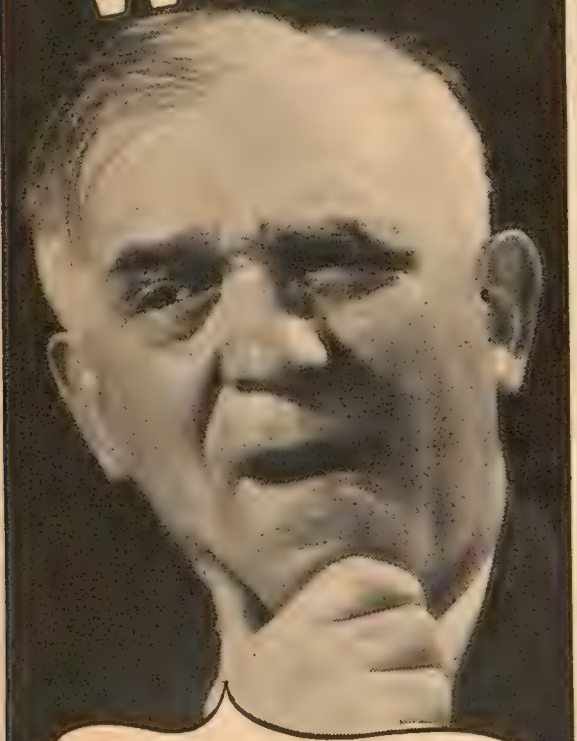
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WHY?



**WHY DO SOME BULBS
WASTE ELECTRICITY?
WHY DO G-E BULBS
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER?**

QUESTION: Why do some bulbs waste electricity... get dim too soon... or burn out prematurely?

ANSWER: Imperfections in construction, invisible flaws in the filament, impure gas or improper gas pressure in the bulb... can cause increasing dimness, wasted electricity, or early burn-outs.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

You see, the Bureau of Identification stepped in with quite a lot of help for her. They had been checking up the female fingerprints from Austin Squadray's apartment. They fitted them exactly to Ophelia's. It was plain that she had plunked both the Blot and old Squadray.

So about noon, when we were breathing again the outer air, even Dorothy was relieved about mother. There were a few last lingering details of doubt that she had still to clean up; but she was certainly making progress. She was now in no distress—the contrary, if anything. For she was the center of attention. Also, if that were any help, she now had Edward with her, and her identity was thoroughly established. We couldn't see that we could help her by sticking around. So Bo and I escorted Dorothy from the jail.

"What will they do with Mrs. Kirkbride?" Dorothy worried now.

Kirkbride, I should say, was the name under which the police had booked Ophelia. She'd given it as her own, by her latest untrue Texan.

"They'll simply sew her into a nice comfortable padded cell," said Bo, "in some quiet and suitable institution. She'll be harmless the rest of her days."

"Oh!" said Dorothy. And was she a dear girl! "But one of us ought to go to the hospital to look in on the Blot."

I tossed a coin. Bo went to the hospital.

"Dorothy," I said, when we were back in the hotel and in the drawing room of the family suite, now deserted except for us—"Dorothy, we are approaching the end—or at least what I fear must be the fading hours—of a perfect day for me."

"I'm not unhappy now," Dorothy said.

"How the clouds have cleared away," I said, "from the first moment I woke up in mother's bed! Clearly it was destiny, Dorothy," I said, "that sent me there—so I could find you in the morning."

"But it was I," said Dorothy, "who found you."

"THAT is a point I'd like to argue with you, dear," I said, "till death us do part."

"Oh!" said Dorothy. And I took her in my arms. "Oh!" she said again, wiggling a little as she settled herself. "What we've been through today!"

"Together," I said. "Always together."

"Yes; together," said Dorothy.

(By the way, occasionally all through this I kissed her.) "First," I said, "you feared your mother was lost; then that she was a nudist; then that she'd been kidnaped; then that she was a murderer."

"And she was just—just mother all the time," Dorothy said.

"Just mother," I agreed; and tried to make that sound noncommittal. But I wasn't so good at it.

Dorothy stirred in my arms.

"You don't like mother!" she said.

"I liked her a lot when I first saw her, herself; when she was a frightened female, Dorothy," I said. "But after the fright passed—Dearest," I suggested, "why discuss anybody else?"

"Why did you stop kissing me?" Dorothy said.

"I'll not stop again," I said.

After a time, however, we did turn the radio on. We thought it might tell us what was delaying mother. Not that we wanted her to hurry home; but naturally we wanted to know what else might have come up.

It didn't take any turning at all to strike a station that was bubbling over with information, some of it fresh.

"Well—well, friends, the police today have put together the pretty puzzle of the shooting of Austin Squadray; and are they glad to have it right!"

"You see, they so nearly had it wrong. For, as I told you when we last were on the air, it looked likely—indeed it looked very likely—that the slayer of the famous explorer-lecturer was the lady who was arrested last night, at the Calf of Gold night club, after a pistol went off in her handbag."

"I TOLD you that the pistol proved to be the same as that which was used to kill Mr. Austin Squadray; I have no need, at this moment when we have in our hands the whole affair, to withdraw that statement. That pistol, then in that lady's possession, *was* the pistol used in the murder; but the lady who then had it was innocent."

"She was merely a visitor to New York who was made a victim—but only a temporary victim, we are glad to say—of circumstances."

"We will leave her for a moment to tell you the startling story of the real slayer of Austin Squadray. A woman, as the police properly suspected. A woman scorned."

"It seems that this woman married rather frequently; and with each husband—according to her own statement—difficulties developed. She lived in Texas with the last two—no, the last three. As the police have reconstructed the sequence of her marital experiences, she was successively Mrs. Ariadne Eaton-Smith-Foley-Frothingham-Kirkbride, most recently of Morland, Texas. She is no longer young..."

The phone rang. "Mother!" said Dorothy.

I was nearer and I picked it up.

"Bo," I said. "Reporting on the Blot."

"Oh, how is he?" said Dorothy.

"It's as we hoped," I said. "Ariadne's bullet didn't perforate his platinum plate. It just dented it and glanced off. They don't even have to make a new one. They've taken out the old plate, flattened the dent, and put it back again. A big saving."

"But how is he?" Dorothy said.

"Practically perfect, Bo says. He

figures he'll need day and night nurses for not more than a fortnight."

We went back to the radio, wondering what we'd missed.

"In this state of mind," the news commentator was chatting on, "she arrived in New York."

She, of course, was Ariadne; and we figured we had not missed much.

"... so she immediately rushed to the explorer for comfort.

"It seems that the late Mr. Squadray somewhat extravagantly and incautiously had flattered her with compliments and personal attention when last he lectured at Morland. The lady seems to have exaggerated, in her own mind, certain expressions of his to convince herself that, if she were only 'free,' he would marry her.

"She arrived in New York just after having divorced her last husband, and proffered her love to Mr. Squadray. When it was refused—she shot him.

"She carried with her to the Calf of Gold, last night, the pistol which she had used; she got rid of the gun by 'planting' it upon an innocent person.

"But the pistol was one of a pair; and she retained the other and used it, early this morning, upon her escort whom she had engaged to accompany her to places of entertainment. This unfortunate fellow also seems to have flattered her, and then spurned her. He is in a hospital recovering from his adventure with her.

"The preliminary examination of the prisoner reveals persecutory psychoses and delusions so marked that it is thought that the state will not bring her to trial for murder but commit her to a proper institution."

THERE was a pause for station announcement. And then we heard why mother had not hurried away.

"It now gives us great pleasure," the radio ran on, "to present in her proper light the wholly innocent and high-minded lady who, by mere mischance, temporarily was under a cloud of suspicion for the crime committed by another.

"This lady not only was completely innocent, but she performed a service of high importance through bringing the authorities to the right solution of the murder of Austin Squadray.

"It is a special pleasure at this moment, when reports are still being circulated which might cast suspicion upon her, to present to you all, and especially to her host of friends and admirers at home in Panamont, Ohio, Mrs. Edward Carter!"

"Mother!" said Dorothy.

"Mother!" I said, trying to do my best by her.

"My friends of the radio audience, and especially my friends at home," said mother's voice—and there was nothing at all of the frightened female in it; quite the contrary. If anybody quivered, it was I; and Dorothy felt it.

"What's the matter, David?" she said.

"Merely a slight reaction, I sup-

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Good tires stop you an average of 40% quicker than smooth treads. Why risk mileage on bald-headed tires? Get set for the skid season by changing to Armorubber.



RAISED ON ROCK SPLINTERS!

10 Years' Research brings forth
a New, Tougher Tread for To-
day's Driving—See what Kelly's
new *Armorubber* saves you.



THIS PICTURE is a sample of the daily torture Kellys take. True enough...you may never ride on roads like these. But, even on highways, your tires get brutal punishment!

Here are facts: today, you start 35%

"3,000 miles a month in the Canadian Rockies, pulling a heavy trailer!" writes Fred W. Goebel, Chicago. "That's how I baptized Kellys! So pleased with *Armorubber* I have Kellys all around on my new car."



quicker, go at 48% higher speeds, stop 55% faster than you did ten years ago! All this new punishment takes mileage out of tread rubber.

Today's driving pace calls for something stronger...tougher. And Kelly has it...*Armorubber*. A different kind of tread rubber, like armor for wear.

Already, these tires have rolled up mileage records that are *almost unbelievable!* That's why, today—motorists are changing to Kellys at the rate of *two a minute!* *Armorubber* Kellys cost no more. See your Kelly dealer.

REPLACE WITH

KELLY *Springfield* TIRES

DEPENDABLE
FOR 43 YEARS



THE job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know *why* she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with Mum!

Quick and easy to use. Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you're safe for the whole busy day.

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the

skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing — Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly odor of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP YOU IN THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THE ONLY COUGH DROPS



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CONTAINING VITAMIN A

pose," I said, "from the doings of the day."

"I am given to understand," mother's voice went on, "that through me a most dangerous and irresponsible person has been apprehended, and is now, and in the future will be, so confined and cared for as no longer to endanger others or herself."

"This only makes me happy."

Mother's voice paused. I tightened my hold on Dorothy.

"As all my friends know, when the welfare of others is concerned," mother's voice went on, "I count as nothing the cost to myself. I am only too happy that my own suffering has served a purpose for good."

"Dorothy," I said.

"What, David?" she said.

"You realize that I am a flyer, and that, when I marry you, you leave home?"

"Yes, David," she said.

"And you not only leave home," I said.

"I know, David. I leave also—

"Mother!"

We said it together.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **½ SILVER STAMPEDE** by Neill C. Wilson. The Macmillan Company.

The rip-roaring, romantic story of Death Valley and its hell camp, Old Panamint. Read this before Hollywood gets hold of it and refines it by contributing sweetness and light.

★ ★ **SHRINES OF A THOUSAND BUDDHAS** by Dr. G. Tucci and Captain E. Ghersi. Robert M. McBride & Co.

A record, according to the strictest code of scholarship, of what two Italians discovered in the way of art, religion, and myths in a little-known corner of Tibet.

★ ★ **HOUSE OF TERROR** by Dennis Allan. Greystone Press.

A rip-snorting mystery and murder tale, very well written, and running the whole gamut from love to Nazis, and from politics to humor.

★ ★ **THE THEATER OF LIFE** by Esme Howard. Little, Brown and Company.

Here, in the second volume, Lord Howard, Great Britain's former ambassador to Washington, continues the story of his life—and shows himself a wise, urbane, and modest gentleman; a man who has seen history in the making and, at times, assisted this same making.

★ **THE VIRGIN KING** by Francis Watson. D. Appleton-Century Company. An inept and dull attempt at fantasy and satire.

★ **JITTERS** by Hannibal Towle. Bruce Humphries.

People should rarely write poetry—even poetry that is occasionally witty—and publishers should even more rarely publish it!

Russia to France to Hollywood

An Odd International Triple Play Yields a Colorful Jules Verne Revival . . . Miss Young Scores Again with Verve and Charm, and the Constitution Gets Into the Films

★ ★ ★ MICHAEL STROGOFF

THE PLAYERS: Anton Walbrook, Elizabeth Allan, Akim Tamiroff, Margot Grahame, Fay Bainter, Eric Blore, Edward Brophy, Paul Guilfoyle, William Stack, Paul Harvey. Screen play by Mortimer Offner and Anthony Veiller from the novel by Jules Verne. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. Produced by RKO Radio and Films Jules Verne. Running time, 80 minutes.

JULES VERNE, the Frenchman whose pseudoscientific romances went around the globe, lived to see his dreams of the submarine, of fast world travel, and other seemingly fantastic marvels become realities. He did not live to see the Czarist government of Russia, which he painted so pleasantly in his yarn Michael Strogoff, fall before the onrush of revolution.

Michael Strogoff is a fable of the old school, robust and forthright, with heroic heroes, gentle, defenseless heroines, scoundrelly villains who stop at nothing. Strogoff is a courier of Czar Alexander II, carrying one of those invaluable messages to the Grand Duke Vladimir, isolated by revolting Tartar hordes at Irkutsk back in the '70s. Strogoff is pursued by a beautiful spy, harried by a brutal Tartar chieftain, given enough tough breaks to discourage ten heroes.

The producers have taken the star and the French production of the Verne romance, retained the atmospheric background shots of battle and action, and refilmed the foreground story with Hollywood actors. The background stuff—with the sweep of Tartar and Cossack at war—is rich and colorful; the Hollywood foreground acting is more than adequate.

Anton Walbrook, a Viennese newcomer, played Strogoff in the original film, and he again does it here, with a slight accent. He is the fearless courier of the Czar and he plays him to the hilt. Akim Tamiroff, so able in *The General Died at Dawn*, does the bad Tartar Ogareff with color and vigor. There are other lesser performances, as Margot Grahame's opulent spy, Fay Bainter's distraught mother of Strogoff, and Elizabeth Allan's helpless little heroine lost somewhere on the steppes.

VITAL STATISTICS: That expander of horizons and Buck Rogers of his day, Jules Verne, was son of a Nantes (France) lawyer; made a fortune without an effort; had a twenty-year publishing contract to produce two books a year, never broke it; shunned the lit'ry Paris crowd, lived quietly married in Amiens for thirty-five years, a shade mysterious during his life. Mike Strogoff is his only tear-jerker; hasn't a gadget in it. . . . Imported for Strogoff part is Anton Walbrook, everything a storybook film hero

by
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Anton Walbrook and Elizabeth Allan in Jules Verne's Michael Strogoff.

should be. Carrying out a 300-year circus tradition of his family, Anton was raised under a circus top, ran away from the circus to join the inevitable Reinhardt and so drag his family up into Art. So impressed was Reiny with Anton's talents, he gave him free tuition, then a series of Shakespheres to do, including Romeo, Orlando, Lorenzo, and Bassanio. Being versatile, Anton was soon leading an interesting stage life, doing Shaw, saints, and movies. Very romantic, Anton's handsome, six feet, bedecked with wavy brown hair, festooned with beauteous blue-gray eyes. He's master of half a dozen languages. Is about thirty-five, pretty earnest about his work, easy to direct, open to suggestions and criticisms, unmarried and not anxious to be. . . . Margot Grahame's in love with Hollywood; has imported her maw and paw to it. . . . Elizabeth Allan's husband is an English producer. She cannot join him because every time she has passage booked along comes another part. So he comes here. . . .

Megger George Nicholls, Jr., is only son of a megger in Hollywood, his paw biographing the early Mary Pickford. . . . That's a real bear Anton Walbrook wrestles with; used no double; fortunately, came away with none of his body members wrenched away. . . . Neither Edward Brophy nor Eric Blore liked having that hut blown up around his ears. Of course the hut was made of breakaway plaster and they had to put their faith in the studio technicians, who said it would fall around them and not on them, if they followed directions. They did, and the hut did, as foretold. . . . All Russian scenes are from the old Russian regime, now gone with the wind.

★ ★ ½ LOVE IS NEWS

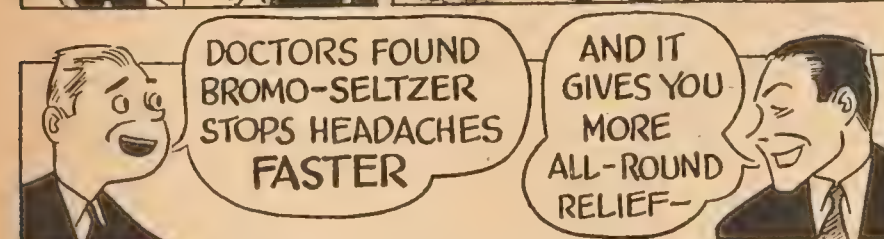
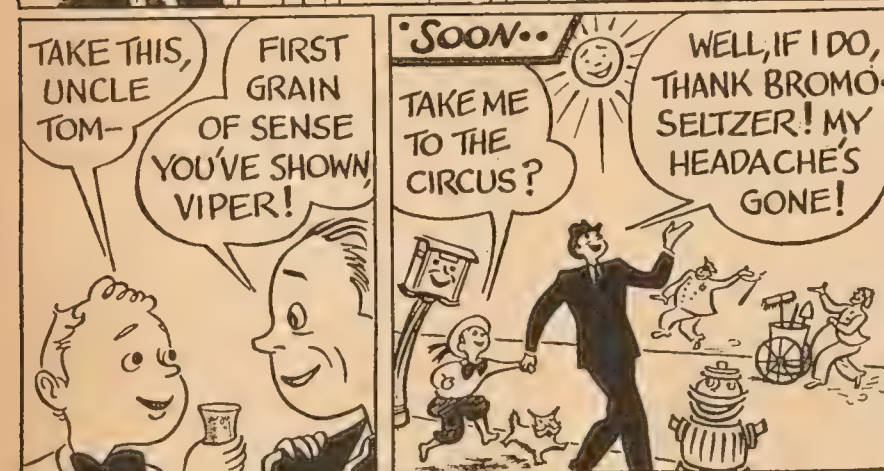
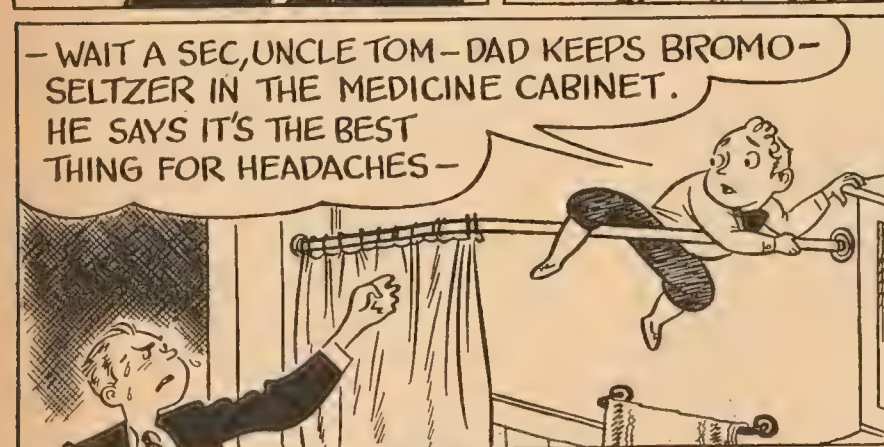
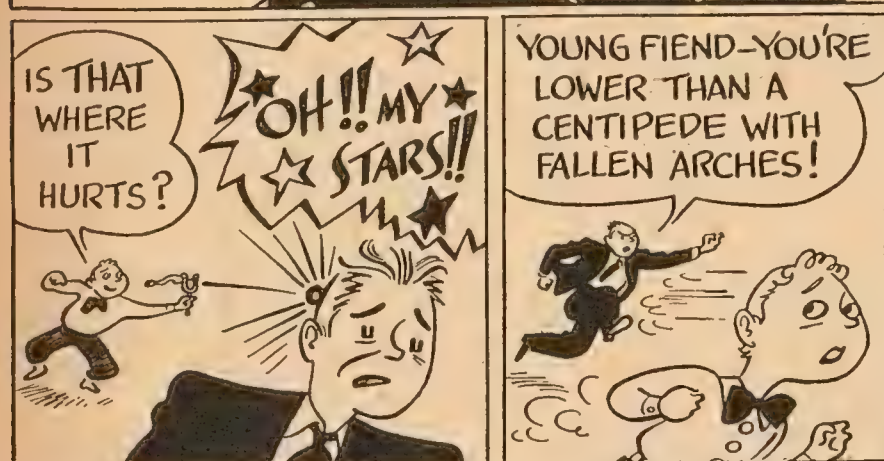
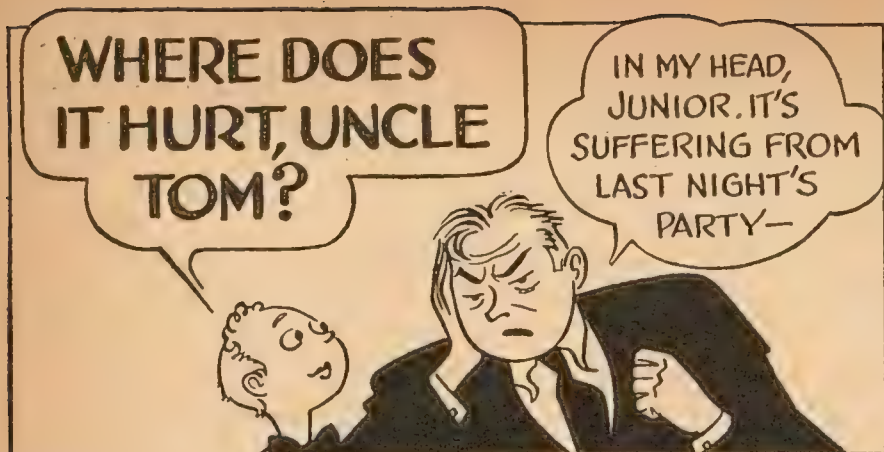
THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Slim Summerville, Dudley Digges, Walter Catlett, George Sanders, Jane Darwell, Stepin Fetchit, Pauline Moore, Elisha Cook, Jr., Frank Conroy, Edwin Maxwell, Charles Williams, Julius Tannen. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen from a story by William R. Lipman and Frederick Stephani. Directed by Tay Garnett. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 78 minutes.

WE guarantee that this comedy, pleasant enough in itself, will make any newspaperman cringe. It is peopled by those strange reporters and editors known only to the screen, an ill-mannered, unethical gentry that live in Mike Allegretti's cellar café when they aren't punching themselves around a mythical city room.

Here Steve Layton, star reporter of the New York Something-or-Other, goes to interview the richest girl in the world upon her arrival by plane. He eludes her guards, tricks her into an interview. She, to get even, announces her engagement to him via the other reporters. Thus all the papers but Steve's have the big story: Heiress to Wed Reporter. You will have to guess for yourself if the rich and pretty Tony Gateson's little fib comes true. We never tell the film denouements.

This comedy probably was built to further the promising career of Tyrone Power, the interesting young man of Lloyds of London. He does the bad-boy reporter well enough, but Loretta Young steals the picture as the heiress. Here is a performance with verve, charm, and humor. Don Ameche is an editor such as never existed in any city room.

VITAL STATISTICS: Vagabond megger Tay Garnett's just back from a round-the-world honeymoon cruise taken, with veddy blonde British dancing bride Helga Moray, aboard the Garnett racing yawl, the S. Y. Athene. . . . Latest Love Is News item: Loretta Young will not nuptial with Eddie Sutherland. Loretta's just become a second-time ahnt. Is much glorified by film; has a sister, Georgeann, coming along who will swipe your breath with loveliness. Loretta wears twenty grand's worth of duds in this, average fashionable dame spending about \$15,000 a year. . . . Tihroan Power's fan mail's jumped from a mere two a week to almost half of Rob Taylor's daily proportions in less time than you can say Barbara Stanwyck. This



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proves something or other. . . . Don Ameche's had no struggle in Hollywood; led off with a lead. Name's really Amici; he's a typically doting Italian father of two. . . . Pauline Moore's picture debut was fast-expressed. She was tested in Twentieth Century-Fox's Eastern studio one Satdee a. m.; signed a long-term that p. m.; soared to Hollywood that night; got Love News role first thing Monday a. m.; completed her first scene two hours after reaching studio. . . . Slim Summerville's the heaviest eater in Hollywood for his unfed appearance, knocking off about five heavy meals a day. I'm still smarting about the Vox Popper who claimed Slim couldn't surf-fish from his Hermosa Beach upstairs bedroom window. Well, smartie, he drops a line out the window, hires a little boy to run it out into the surf. Should he get a bite he pulls it in himself!

★ ★ ½ SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE

THE PLAYERS: Claude King, Jason Robards, Walter Warren, Gavin Gordon. **Script by** Joseph Sherman, Richard Goldstone, and Ray Doyle. **Directed by** Edward Cahn. **Produced by** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. **Running time,** 22 minutes.

A TIMELY historic two-reeler dealing with the creation of the Constitution. Starting with the chaos that followed the Revolution, we see the original states bickering, each jealous of the others. And we see our balanced government created under the guidance of Washington and Franklin.

Here is an intelligent, if brief, effort to interpret the basic principles underlying our historic document, now so much in the headlines. You will like Claude King's Washington and Walter Warren's Franklin.

VITAL STATISTICS: After studying physiogs of various paintings, busts, and replicas of the Father of Our Country, short maker Chertok decided portrait best known to multitudes is one used on the one-dollar bill, the work of the Treasury Dep't. . . . Finding a double of Washington was hard job. Several Hollywood actors make a precarious and infrequent living playing Washington when the rare occasion that he has to be played turns up. (Washington is probably about least filmed famed man in the world.) Said actors, however, can do little more than look like Washington and are utterly unable to either act like him or anything else recognizable to man or beast. So Claude King, an Englishman but a first-class actor, was chosen to play the Father of Our Country. D. A. R., American Legion, Boston Tea and Bean Society please note! Though this is but a two-reeler, King read 107 books to get Washington. Says Rupert Hughes's book gave him best idea; got worst idea from romanticized schoolbook versions. . . . Big joke around set was: Where did John Hancock sign the Constitution? You Twenty Questioners know the answer, I hope. . . . Picture started much patriotic ancestral study among cast and production fellows. Net results: L. B. Mayer is not descended from Benjamin Franklin; James Madison Lacey, still photographer, springs from James Madison; while Walter Warren, who plays Franklin, traces back to the Warrens of Virginia. . . . Research dep't learned that Ben Franklin experimented with homemade electric battery and tried to shock dead animals to life; James Madison read every available Constitution before drawing up our own; Gouverneur Morris, played by Jason Robards, had a wooden leg. . . . Touchiest problem was to find authentic coach for Washington to ride in to Constitution signing. Hundreds of the one and only coach Washington rode in turned up at studio call. One was selected from the parade by drawing lots so's to avoid broken necks and feelings.

★ SEA DEVILS

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Preston Foster, Ida Lupino, Donald Woods, Helen Flint, Gordon Jones, Pierre Watkin, Murray Alper, Billy Gilbert. **Story and screen play by** Frank Wead and John Twist. **Directed by** Ben Stollhoff. **Produced by** RKO Radio. **Running time,** 88 minutes.

A NOTHER "sez-you-sez-me" feud comedy. This time Victor McLaglen plays the fighting father of pretty Doris Malone, who tries to prevent his daughter falling for the blandishments of tough Mike O'Shea, otherwise Preston Foster. The background is the American coast guard, for McLaglen is a chief bos'n's mate in the service, while Foster is a hard-boiled seaman. Incidents: the dynamiting of an iceberg in the path of ocean liners and the saving of the passengers and crew of a water-logged sinking yacht.

McLaglen and Foster are adequate to the necessities of their feud; Ida Lupino is pleasant enough as the bos'n's mate's daughter.

VITAL STATISTICS: Formerly Coast Patrol, title was momentarily switched to Sea Devils, both Love and Dangerous being disregarded in change. . . . That's the \$1,000,000 coast cutter Tahoe you see swishing around So. Cal. seas. She's a mighty fast wave-splitter; was the first craft to the scene of the Macon tragedy; rescued survivors. Besides rescuing shipwreckees, the Tahoe and her sister craft do ice patrol, chart floes and icebergs, keep an eye open for smuggling, hover over immigration. . . . Just a great big likable giant at heart, the warlike Victor McLaglen has added a flying corps to his handsomely uniformed, fiercely martial McLaglen Light Horse, 1,000 strong. Vic's earnest hope is that his private army will be given a chance to show its mettle in conflict. He'd direct them, and in true movie fashion would win out in the last two minutes of them. . . . Preston Foster says he learns from life. Weighs 205. Knowing McLaglen's habit of going absent-minded, went into training so's to hold his own with McLaglen in those four fights; blackened McLaglen's ribs thoroughly, got skinned knuckles himself. . . . Lupino means Little Wolf in Eyetalian, and Ida's family, rich 600 years ago in Italy, suddenly finding themselves divested of their lands, with the big wolf at the door, took to professional entertaining along the gypsy trails of Italy. When Ida got to be twelve she could reel off any Shakespearean heroine by memory. Ida wants to be a female Irv Berlin; has thirty songs waiting to be published. . . . Donald Woods is really Ralph Zink; he's never been out of work in his life; never been in jail or divorced; had to shave his budding labial toothbrush for this part because the navy brooks no hirsute mug adornment. . . . Studio found it cheaper to put 50,000 pounds of plaster, 40,000 square feet of lumber, a vat of paint, a few carloads of fiber together into a breakaway iceberg than to send a crew up into Nanook seas.

Said iceberg would tip, creak, sink, rise, and do everything but get cold—which is more than nature'd do for you. If Hollywood could only take over nature! . . . Megger Benny Stoloff used to play ball for the bush leagues.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winter-set, The Texas Rangers.

★★★½—On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time.

★★★—The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 9

1—Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900), collaborator of Sir W. S. Gilbert.

2—Marmalade.

3—At Belshazzar's feast, Daniel 5:5—"In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."

4—No. Colonel Charles E. Stanton thus closed an oration delivered July 4, 1917, at Lafayette's tomb. General Pershing, however, did assign Colonel Stanton to make the speech.

5—Easter Sunday.

6—Miss Tallulah Bankhead's father is Speaker; her uncle is a United States senator.

7—To the sense of smell.

8—Nine and a half.

9—No—Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

10—Samuel Chase. The charges were brought by the Democratic Party in 1804 for an alleged political purpose. Acquitted, Justice Chase served on the bench until 1811—the year he died, when seventy years old.

11—Sugar syrup is prepared by boiling sugar and water; cane syrup is made by boiling down the whole juice of sugar cane.

12—At Fort Knox, Kentucky.

13—Lake Baikal in Eastern Siberia, 13,200 square miles in area and said to have a maximum depth of 5,280 feet.

14—The sit-down strikers at automotive plants.

15—The tarsus.

16—Parallelogram and greyhound.

17—Omar Khayyam—and the only foreign-bred horse to accomplish the feat.

18—Yes; in very cold climes fish hibernate when rivers freeze solidly, and do not resume activity until spring, when the ice thaws.

19—Ten.

20—

W. M. Booth

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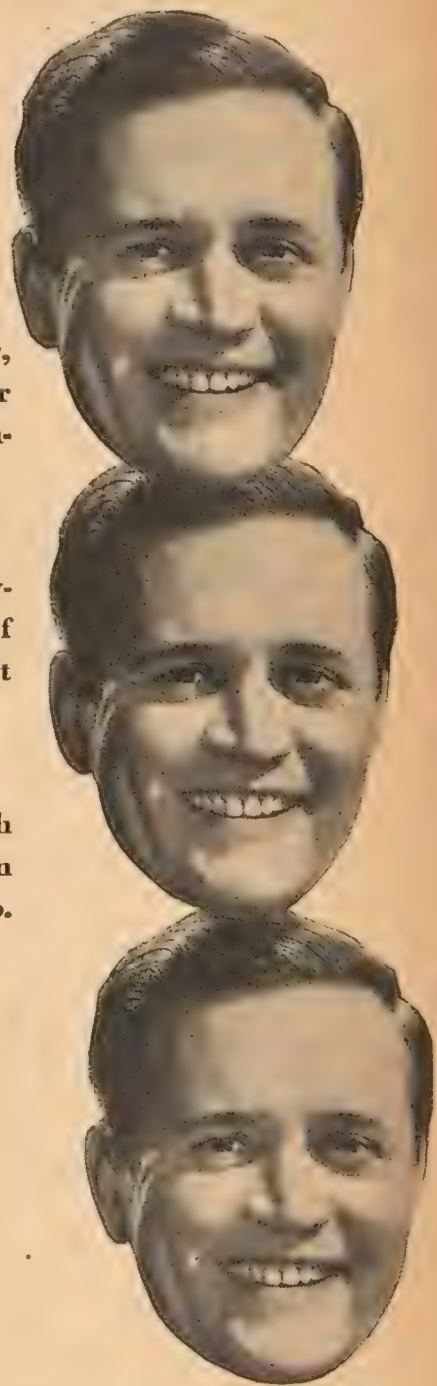
2 ORALGENE is the only chewing gum which has milk of magnesia (dehydrated). It helps offset mouth acidity.

3 ORALGENE helps keep teeth clean—more thoroughly than a toothbrush alone can do. Chew it after every meal.

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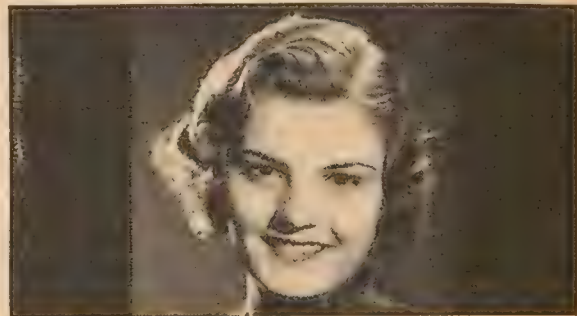
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He picked her up and carried her, warm in his arms.

PRETTY Sally Phimister goes to Washington, D. C., in search of a job. When she arrives there, her sweetheart Phil Strang, a young reporter, discourages her. But she is determined. That afternoon, late, at a tea given by her cousin for a charming young widow, Avis Charlton, the out-of-town girl meets "Duke" Williams and sees Milton Soden, a powerful lobbyist to whom she has a letter of introduction.

Duke, a former government aviator, and more recently employed by a relief unit in New Capri, Florida, is also now looking for a job. Immediately, Sally has a crush on him. But Duke has fallen in love with Avis Charlton, whose friends are backing a bill to go through Congress which will compensate her to the amount of \$50,000 for the death of her husband. He was killed in Olorosa, a Caribbean republic, during an uprising there three years before, and while serving as an "unofficial observer."

It is whispered that Milt Soden is using his influence to push the Charlton bill. At the tea this afternoon he singles out Duke and hints at something good for him in the wind. A date for further discussion is made.

The following day, after having lunch with Avis, during which she tells him she is off to New Capri for a long-needed rest, Duke calls on Soden. To his amazement, the politician offers Duke a thousand dollars a month to act as his secret agent in a gunrunning project. A fresh revolution is to be fomented in Olorosa, and if Duke accepts, his headquarters will be in New Capri!

Desperate to earn money and marry Avis, he accepts. Then he accidentally meets Sally and invites her to lunch. She begs him for a job. Trying to sidestep, he suggests that she ask Milt Soden. Nothing daunted, she does, and the big boss requests Duke to make her his secretary. The two of them prepare for Florida, Phil Strang's objections to the contrary notwithstanding.

Duke goes to New York to settle all details. There he meets Wallick, a fellow conspirator, who sees him off on the Havana Special with the words:

"See you in jail, Williams, if either of us slips up."

DISCR

The Scene Changes, a Girl Leaves Romance Behind, and a Strange New Pattern Enters an Exciting Novel

PART FOUR—JEALOUSY IN EDEN

AT that moment Sally Phimister was sitting in the lobby of her hotel, her coat thrown back from her best evening gown, her packed bags beside her, lighting one cigarette from the stub of another as she tried to curb her impatience. It wasn't Phil's fault if her nerves were getting ragged; it was her own fault for letting him make a date with her on her last night in Washington. After that last row at the Occidental she hadn't expected to see him again; what was the use? But when he called up this morning and asked her how about dinner and dancing till it was time to catch her train, she found herself saying yes without any argument.

And then, when he called her up at half past six and told her he was held up on a story and might be late for dinner; when he called again at twenty past seven, and told her to go ahead and dine alone and he'd join her as soon as he could— There wasn't anything she could do about that, unless she wanted to sit around by herself till three o'clock in the morning.

He came through the revolving door, stamping the snow off his shoes—his face tired and apologetic and fright-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES BRYSON

ETION *by* ELMER DAVIS

Be Damned

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ened. She jumped up and went to meet him, gave him both her hands.

"Don't say you're sorry," she cut him off. "Of course you're sorry, and so am I, but we can't help it. I know a newspaperman can't control his hours." She could measure the apprehension he must have felt by the grateful admiration in his eyes. "Have you had anything to eat, Phil? Because we'll have plenty of time left to dance, even if we take time out for you to have dinner first."

"I grabbed a sandwich; that's all I need. . . . My car's outside. Shall we run down to the station first, and check your bags?"

"There's room for them in the rumble; take them down there when you take me."

He carried them out, packed them away in the rumble while she stood beside him, flakes of falling snow whitening her bright uncovered hair.

They got in together; he slammed the door behind him—and then suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her with an impromptu thoroughness that made her gasp.

"Thanks," he said. "You're a swell sportsman." He started the car. "How about the Heigh-Ho Club?"

Yes, there she was—alone, lying on her back on the sand, one hand resting on her forehead. The sand muffled his footsteps.



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"Anywhere you say, Phil," she said. They went into the night club, found cushioned seats against the wall.

"Nothing to eat? But something to drink, anyway. Tonight, champagne." Phil ordered it.

But when he poured it out the glasses sat untouched between them. They looked at each other; he reached across the table, caught her hands in his.

"Darling! Don't go to Florida!"

"I don't want to. You know I don't want to. But— They gave me a job when I needed it; and if I quit now—"

"I could give you a job you'd like better."

Her rapt absorption began to dissolve.

"Oh, my dear. You know I'd like— But just because we feel this way—"

"People who don't feel this way have got no business getting married," said Phil Strang. "If you've got that, you can work out the rest."

"Oh, I know, but— Phil, we'd both feel better if we got ourselves established first; feel as if we had a better right—"

"I want you now," he stated, as if that were the final and conclusive argument. . . . As, she recognized, it pretty nearly was.

"And I want you. But—love ought to be a reward, Phil, not an exit. Not just a compensation, a running away from something else."

"That's a very fine theory, but—"

"Theory nothing!" she broke in. "It's mere biology. The first duty of any organism is to be sure of its own food supply. We've translated that into fancier language; but the fact remains that you ought to be sure you're established in your job, and I ought to be sure I can hold mine, before we—go on to what's next." She looked at her wrist watch. "Two twenty-five, and my train comes in at two fifty. We'd better go—darling." Then, as they rose, she glanced at him with a queer half-amused respect. "I owe you an apology," she admitted. "You don't need anybody else to draw your blueprints when you put your mind to it."

"Uh," he grunted. "It didn't seem to do me much good, after all."

"Oh, yes, it did, darling. You'd be surprised."

THEY went out into the raw night.

His car was parked half a block away; he gave one glance at her dancing sandals, at the snowy sidewalk, and picked her up and carried her, warm in his arms. . . . They drove away.

"This fellow you're working for," he said abruptly. "Williams. You like him, don't you?"

"Of course. I think he's swell."

"When I think of you off down there, with him—"

They were running down a tree-lined side street—silent, deserted. He stopped the car and took her in his arms. For a while neither of them spoke; then—

"Sally!" he whispered. "Stay here and marry me—tonight. We

could drive up to some town in Maryland, wake up a justice of the peace—"

"Oh, don't ask me, darling! We can't . . . at least, we shouldn't," she weakened. "When I've got a job, and want to make good on it—"

"Let them hire somebody else. It's only a secretarial job."

It was just that remark that—barely—gave her strength.

"But it's my job, Phil." Her mind was a blur, if she had any mind left; but it clung to that one thing—that she had to establish herself as a person first. "You know I want to stay! But I've got to be Sally Phimister before I'd dare try being Sally Strang. So— No, darling, I can't . . . No . . . no . . . no, Phil!"

He released her sullenly and drove on toward the station.

BESIDE the Havana Special that lay, dark and silent, in the Union Station, Duke Williams paced up and down, his coat collar turned up against the chill. He hadn't been able to sleep tonight, thinking about a hundred things.

Thinking about the countless details he must arrange without a slip-up, about this man and that whom he would have to trust if he and Wallick were to stay out of jail. Ramon Vicente would be the mainspring of his gunrunning organization—a veteran rumrunner, an Olorosan who hated Gutierrez. Williams knew him well; knew Ramon could be trusted. But when he began to count up the number of other men who would have to be in the expedition to run over arms enough for a serious rising, he wondered if he could be sure of not including somebody who might sell them out.

. . . Thinking, at last, of Avis. She had to be discreet; and a man who was busy putting over a revolutionary plot wouldn't have much time for any woman. But in New Capri, where everybody ran into everybody every day—

He was still awake when the train pulled into Washington. It occurred to him that Sally was getting on here. Might as well get up and dress and go out and say hello to her, he reflected. A turn or two up and down the platform might help me get to sleep.

He paced up and down—five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes—scrutinizing the scattering of men and women, bleary-eyed from the long wait, who straggled intermittently down the platform and got aboard; but no Sally.

Eleven past three. A porter came down the platform carrying a big black suitcase, a big black hatbox, both labeled S. P., and went up the steps of Sally's car.

Back by the gate she and Phil were standing locked in each other's arms.

"You'll marry me when you come back?" he demanded.

"I don't know when I'm coming back, darling. This is a job. But I—I wish—"

"All aboard!" yelled the gateman with a warning rattle of the iron

grille. She kissed Phil once more and broke away, just in time. Down the long platform, breaking into a run as she saw the Pullman porters climbing back up the steps—her bright hair tossed in the wind of her going, her coat streaming out behind her. A grinding jolt; the wheels began to turn. She saw Duke's face staring out at her from a vestibule ahead. He clung to a rail with one hand, reached the other down to catch hers—

He dragged her up the steps, flushed and panting. On the platform she lost her balance, and would have fallen if he hadn't caught her.

"This seems to be a habit of ours," he observed, grinning.

"My fault," she gasped. "Thank you, Duke. Sorry."

"Glad to be of service. But remember what your swimming teacher told you," he reminded her. "Always keep yourself under control, even when you're falling."

She laughed hysterically. "You'd be surprised, Duke, how well I can do that."

"IT'S a new world," said Sally, staring out in awed delight at the glitter of sunlight on Biscayne Bay. "Freshly created this morning."

Duke Williams smiled at her across their breakfast coffee, leaned forward to light her cigarette.

Stumbling off the train into the sunrise, she had still been drowsy, though she had slept most of yesterday. Duke had bundled her and their baggage into a taxi, and driven her across town and down the bay to the airport in a before-breakfast silence. But now that they had breakfasted, she could look around her—at a new world.

The air felt as no air had ever felt before; the breeze from the Caribbean had the scent of the tropics in it.

With a final roar, the plane for Olorosa taxied across the bay in a cloud of foam, took off, began to climb.

"We're next," said Duke, dropping his cigarette in his coffee cup. "We'd better be getting down to the landing."

At the plane were three or four men who stared at the approaching couple, and then burst out into sudden cries of welcome. They were leading citizens of New

Capri, it appeared when Williams introduced them.

They were glad to see him because they liked him; but also, when they learned his business, because he was bringing money into their town, perhaps bringing recovery to a community that couldn't live forever on relief. The prodigal son, returning just in time to lift the mortgage on the old homestead; and his secretary shone in his reflected glory.

Sally never remembered much about that short ride. Duke was busy, telling his friends all about the plans of the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation. Left to herself, she was bewildered by the impact of too much novelty. At last, far ahead, on the last of the chain of flat islands, appeared a flat gray town. The plane flew over it, out beyond the harbor; banked, circled, came down in a long glide, hit the water, bounced gently, skimmed along the surface with a white trail of falling spray behind it; came to a rest at last beside the landing stage, its windows blurred, opaque. The lid in the roof was opened; one by one the passengers climbed out, Duke following Sally.

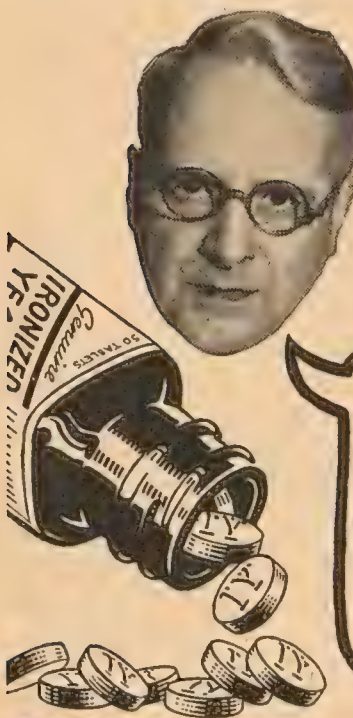
At the top of the steps that led up from the float half a dozen people were waiting—foremost among them a slim sun-tanned woman in shirt and shorts, her white hair fluttering in the breeze.

"Oh, look!" cried Sally happily. "Here's Mrs. Charlton!"

Duke Williams looked; and as he met Avis's implacable brown eyes he realized that there was one person who didn't think it was all right for him to bring Sally with him to Florida.

The bloom was taken off his triumphant home-coming. He could explain easily enough; but it had never occurred to him that anything would need explaining; that she might be—as she certainly looked—unreasonably jealous. That was what came of not getting acquainted first. . . . He came up the steps, to find Sally talking to her eagerly—saving him explanations, he perceived. If that helped any. Avis nodded to him with an indifferent smile.

"Hello, Duke. When I came down to see the plane come in—it's one of the few things to do in a small town—



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I hadn't expected to meet two acquaintances." There was just the faintest emphasis on the *two*; and she knew that he knew that there was plenty to do in New Capri besides going down to see the plane come in. "But I mustn't detain you," she said amiably. "I suppose you and Sally are going to stay at the hotel?"

"I am. She's taken rooms downtown." Did she think he paid his secretary enough to live at the hotel at ten dollars a day? Or did she think— "You'd better take a taxi to the Housing Bureau, Sally; they'll see that you get settled. We don't start work till tomorrow. . . . Now, Avis—may I drop you at your apartment on my way to the hotel?"

"No, thank you. I'd rather walk—for my health."

She sauntered away without looking at him again.

DUKE left his baggage, and without even going up to his room set off on foot to her apartment; 341 Eulalia Street wasn't far away. Climbing the rickety outside stair, he learned from the maid that Señora Charlton had gone to the beach. Now, where? He walked across a field to the water, looked up and down. . . . Yes, there she was—alone, lying on her back on the sand, one hand resting on her forehead, the two strips of silk that were her bathing suit an iridescent blue-green against her sun-browned body. The sand muffled his footsteps; he was close beside her before she heard him; sat up convulsively.

"Go away!" she said. "I'm thinking. Please don't disturb me."

"Oh, I disturb you, do I? Thank God for that." She stared at him stonily. "And thank God you can be jealous of me, Avis."

"Does it matter how I feel when it's obvious how you and Sally feel?"

"She's only my secretary, I tell you! I'm fond of her, I admit—"

"Why not? She's just what you need—a nice girl, of good family, lovely to look at—and young!"

"But I don't want her!"

"I know how you looked this morning, Duke—and how she looked."

"I looked that way because I was going to meet you. She— Look here, it was her first trip to Florida! I tell you she's nothing to me except a nice kid—and a good secretary."

"If you mean that," she said, "you can easily prove it. Get rid of her. Send her back to Washington—this afternoon."

"I can't do that." Her smile said, I knew it. "For one reason," he said, "because Soden asked me to give her a job. I couldn't refuse him; he'd given me my job—"

"Soden," she said. "Always Soden! I feel as if we were all only—only cards in some game he's playing. . . . So you can't send her back—"

"I wouldn't anyway," he said grimly. "But if I can only make you believe that I don't want her, that I do want you—only—"

"It doesn't much matter what you could make me believe," she said wearily. "When you two got off the plane this morning, all dressed up and looking happy—I thought you were married. And for the first time in my life I understood how Jack Charlton used to feel if I even so much as smiled at another man. . . . I married at nineteen—too young; but it was years before I knew I'd never been in love with Jack. He was crazy about me, and that rather bored me; but I was fond of him; what I had was placid and pleasant; I'd never known anything more exciting; I was never offered anything more exciting till we went to Olorosa."

"But," he began, "there must have been men who—" She shrugged.

"Thank you, but there weren't. I was rather ordinary-looking till my hair turned white. But in Olorosa— We arrived in a quiet interval; we went to parties, met people. There was a man named Luis Calvo—a lawyer. Perhaps you knew him?"

He nodded, bitter. Calvo! That damned tomcat—

"When I met him," she said, "it was as if I could suddenly hear, after being deaf all my life. I didn't like all I heard, but— Nothing much happened—except that Jack saw it (he always saw everything) and was furious.

Then the fighting started, and he took me to the suburbs—partly to get me away from bullets, partly to get me away from Calvo. When we thought the war was all over we went downtown to a party, and Calvo was there; and when I saw him— Well—Jack saw that, too, and dragged me home, and we had the sort of quarrel where you say all the things you meant never to say. The next evening after dinner it started again; he said he was going downtown to tell Calvo he'd kill him if he ever came near me. I begged him not to go—and then the shooting broke out. He said he had to go and see what was happening—"

"Of course he did!" Duke broke in. "That was why he was there!"

"But I might have kept him with me—if it hadn't been for things I'd said the night before. Anyway, he was walking down the *avenida*—toward Calvo's club—when somebody in a side street started shooting a machine gun at somebody else, and Jack happened to be in the way."

"But you couldn't help that! It was—the sort of thing that happens!"

"So was my meeting you. So was your coming down here with Sally."

"And Calvo?" he demanded abruptly. "Did you see him afterward?"

"So you begin to understand how it feels, do you? . . . No, never. . . . Perhaps you wonder why I have the impudence to ask for money on Jack's account. But when I came to Washington, people told me I had a valid claim; they said Jack had died for his country. It seemed to me that if I got the claim recognized it would—vindicate his memory somehow. That's why I lived in a shell for three years, loyal to Jack Charlton . . . and why I'm going back into it."

"You can't do that, Avis! Not for my sake—for your own!"

"A shell seems to be where I belong. Calvo cracked my first one, you cracked my second; but if I keep away from men of your type—"

"I deserved that once, Avis—but I'm not a Calvo now. We can't help seeing each other in this town. If you'll only let me try to prove—"

"You'll have to prove it negatively; take Sally to Mora's and the Valencia, if you like, but not me. When you've been down here with her a while, in this climate, you may find she's the one you want after all."

"I know she isn't. And if I can show you—"

"You can't show me anything till Congress vindicates Jack Charlton's memory—except how much I can stand." She rose suddenly. "I must go—and so should you, I suppose."

A DOZEN people had telephoned to him at the hotel in his absence; but those calls could wait—all but one. Mr. Orr, the administrator, would like to see him after lunch. Here was the showdown he had been anticipating. After lunch a taxi took him to the long stucco administration building where he had had an office a month ago; he ran up the stairs to the room where the globular bald head of Sam Orr loomed behind a desk.

He rose, shook hands hospitably.

"Well, Williams, glad to see you back—personally," he added, settling back in his swivel chair. "Officially, if the rumors I've heard of your plans are correct— You seem to me miscast as a business executive," Orr told him. "You were an administration man."

"Who kicked me out of the administration?" asked Williams dryly.

"I know. We both lost our tempers. People do in this damned hothouse. . . . But now, to see you coming back with the same plan, and money back of it— We don't want a commercial development in New Capri; it would spoil the picture. I turned your plan down a month ago, Williams, and, while I hate to be disagreeable, I'm going to turn it down again."

"You can't turn it down, Sam. You govern this town but you don't own it. I need offices, warehouses—and with all the empty space there's been in New Capri ever since the 1925 boom blew up, do you think people will refuse to rent to me? And you can't stop them."

"Fill your warehouses with your stuff; you can't ship it out if I forbid you. I control the docks."

"You'd be very unwise to forbid me, Sam. Seven hundred thousand dollars of government money has been poured into this town—pump-priming, largely; to advertise the good points of New Capri so that private capital would come in and take over the load. And what have you got to show for it? There's going to be an election next fall, and government extravagance will be one of the issues. You're top man of New Capri, but you're not top man in the Relief Administration. If I put this up to your state director in Jacksonville, or to Harry Hopkins in Washington—"

"I see what you mean," said Orr, his moon face sweating, and not merely from the heat. Then, forcing a smile, "All right, Williams, I'm licked. Go ahead and sell your papers; and if you get away with it, I'll probably be pointing with pride to you next fall as one of the achievements of the New Capri administration."

SALLY PHIMISTER sat at a window overhung by a mass of purple-flowered bougainvillea. She had managed to find time for a swim—the obligatory first-day swim of a newly arrived visitor.

Now she was beginning to wonder what people did of evenings in this town.

And then somebody ran up her stairs, tapped at her door.

"Hello!" said Duke. "Do you happen to have a date for dinner?"

"How could I?" she queried, smiling. "I don't know anybody in this town, except you."

"People get acquainted fast in New Capri. But in that case," he told her, "I'm your date. We'll dine at the hotel—but on the way we'll stop for a cocktail at Mora's, and meet the mob."

"Let's go!" she said blithely; and never dreamed how near she had come to having to spend that first evening alone.

At Mora's, people crowded around him, slapping him on the back; and his secretary shone in his reflected glory, got in on round after round of drinks that people insisted on buying.

... But the fun had all gone out of this for Duke Williams; at a table in a corner, with three or four men, he had seen a slim sun-tanned woman with white hair.

"There's a friend of ours, Sally. We ought to go and speak to her."

But why ought they? Flinging the other woman in her face—No, the whole point was that Sally wasn't the other woman; somehow, Avis would have to realize that.

But how is Duke going to make Avis realize that Sally is nothing to him? Won't her jealousy and unhappiness increase if Duke continues to play the game she has demanded? Isn't the set-up too unfair to Sally? Read the next issue of Liberty for new twists in this masquerade of hearts.

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Vox Pop

Colonel House in Liberty Pointed the Way

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I not congratulate Liberty on the effect of the article, Wanted—A New Deal Among Nations, by Colonel House, which appeared in September 14, 1935, Liberty. The Colonel clearly foreshadowed and probably profoundly influenced the entire trend of world affairs since that day. House espoused the theory that there are "haves" and "have-nots" among the nations, and that the world will not be at rest until the have-nots—Germany, Italy, and Japan—receive more than crumbs that fall from the colonial table.

Since the phrase "haves and have-nots" among nations was first offered by Edward Mandell House, it has become almost hackneyed by repetition. Shortly afterward Sir Samuel Hoare insinuated the willingness of Great Britain to consider the position of the have-nots. At this very moment a committee in Geneva, representing many nations, is debating the problem of how to give nations whom nature or fate has stinted access to the earth's raw materials.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, to whom the House article was submitted before publication, sent a message through one of his associates expressing agreement, and in the January issue of Foreign Affairs Germany's financial dictator, in an article obviously inspired by Colonel House, quotes a convincing excerpt from the House article in Liberty which admirably summarizes the trouble:

Every statesman will admit in private conversation that Germany, Italy, and Japan need reservoirs into which to

pour their man power and from which to draw those necessities and raw materials which nature denied them. . . . Just as social peace cannot prevail without some adjustment of the capitalistic system, so international peace cannot be preserved without drastic territorial readjustments. Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States must receive Italy, Germany, and Japan on terms adjusted to present world conditions and recognize their insistence upon being given their proper part of the colonial resources of the world. Chaos and catastrophe will be upon us unless those that have among the Powers are willing to share in some way with those that have not.

In the meantime Japan appeased her land hunger by large slices from China. Mussolini declared himself saturated after annexing Ethiopia. But Germany is still discontented. She will not consent to wait forever. Hitler in his speech of January 30, Goering in other pronouncements, demand the restoration of Germany's colonial empire. This puts the matter straight up to England and France. It is at this moment the most vital question in all the chancelleries of the world.

Permanent peace cannot be achieved until a solution is found along the lines suggested by President Wilson's "other self" in Liberty.

Having made history, Colonel House evidently now desires to unmake it—or, at least, to erase the mistakes made at Versailles.

Whatever the final issue may be, Liberty is to be congratulated on anticipating events.—George Sylvester Viereck.

HE STORIES A ROMANCE

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—Writers of "the old school" view with interest the present-day custom of *verbing* many of our nouns, adjectives, and adverbs. Even abbreviations come in for their share of glory. Vital Statistics, in February 13 Liberty, *verbalizes* freely and abundantly, *i. e.*: "Leslie Banks, Oxford-graduated"; "Stewart Rome has never U.S.ed," and so on *ad exhilaratum*.

Not to be outmoded, the undersigned (himself university "graduated") *stories* the following romance:

She was nūding about in her room, lipsticking her mouth and puffing the end of her shining little nose. But at his knock quickly she panted and brasièred. As soon as she had stockinged and pumped, she slipped; and then joyfully formaled herself. Eagerly she doored, and the two handed awhile and lipped.

A radio next door was musicking, and suddenly they were toeing to a tantalizing tune, she eying her partner soul-

fully, he waisting her passionately.

Before the week was over, they parsoned and happilied homeward.—Ray Baker.

EXTERMINATE SCREEN LOVERS!

FAREHAM, HANTS, ENG.—I take my hat off to Captain C. J. Hutchinson for his very able description of what undoubtedly is the "greatest lover of modern times" (January 9 Vox Pop).

The screen lover is an absolute misnomer when applied to that class of degenerate individuals who have no qualms about marrying three or four different people in about that number of years, or less.

No, sir; these people are not lovers—they're just self-centered hypocrites who take advantage of their social, film, or financial standing to gratify the cravings of their selfish and sensual natures.

They should all be exterminated.—Frederick V. Gough.

STATE TROOPERS AFTER US

ASHEBORO, N. C.—I have often wondered why you don't accept and print fiction regarding State Troopers. Why don't you give us fellows a page or two in your swell magazine? There are thousands of us young men in these United States, and we all are in a class by ourselves (*we think*).

Come on and give us a chance to read something of ourselves.—State Trooper H. V. Norris, No. 37.

[Always glad to oblige. If Mr. Norris will keep an eye peeled he will discover a knockout serial about State Troopers in Liberty at an early date!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"FLORIDA GOES WILD —"

SARASOTA, FLA.—Going through your issue of February 20, I found the article Florida Goes Wild with Prosperity, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Most interesting article, I must admit, but just for the information of your thousands of other readers in other parts of the United States you might add that, although Miami is without a doubt the most important tourist city in Florida, there are a few villages that make up the rest of this state. Or, if you were going to leave out St. Petersburg, Tampa, Sarasota, Fort Myers, and many others, why didn't you label the article, Miami Goes Wild with Prosperity? It would be a much more fitting title, don't you think?—Irven Rowe.

WHY ADAM PUT EVE FIRST

GRINNELL, IA.—I think the reason men hold to the old rule "Women first" is due to Adam's instinct of self-preservation. When Eve and he were kicked out of the Garden of Eden for back rent, they probably had to make their own path through the jungle, and so would



find bogs, quicksand, etc. He saw that if Eve went first, and they came to quicksand, he would find out about it in time to save himself.—Bob Evans.

ABIDING FAITH IN MACFADDEN

ANGLETON, TEX.—Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, being mortal, is not without faults. The writer could have choked him into insensibility joyfully, during the recent Presidential campaign, for his ferocious attacks on the man who I fully believe will go down in history as one of the great men of all time.

But, after the return to sanity of all of us fiery partisans, the fact is patent that Bernarr Macfadden is a fearless patriot, a wise counselor, and a man

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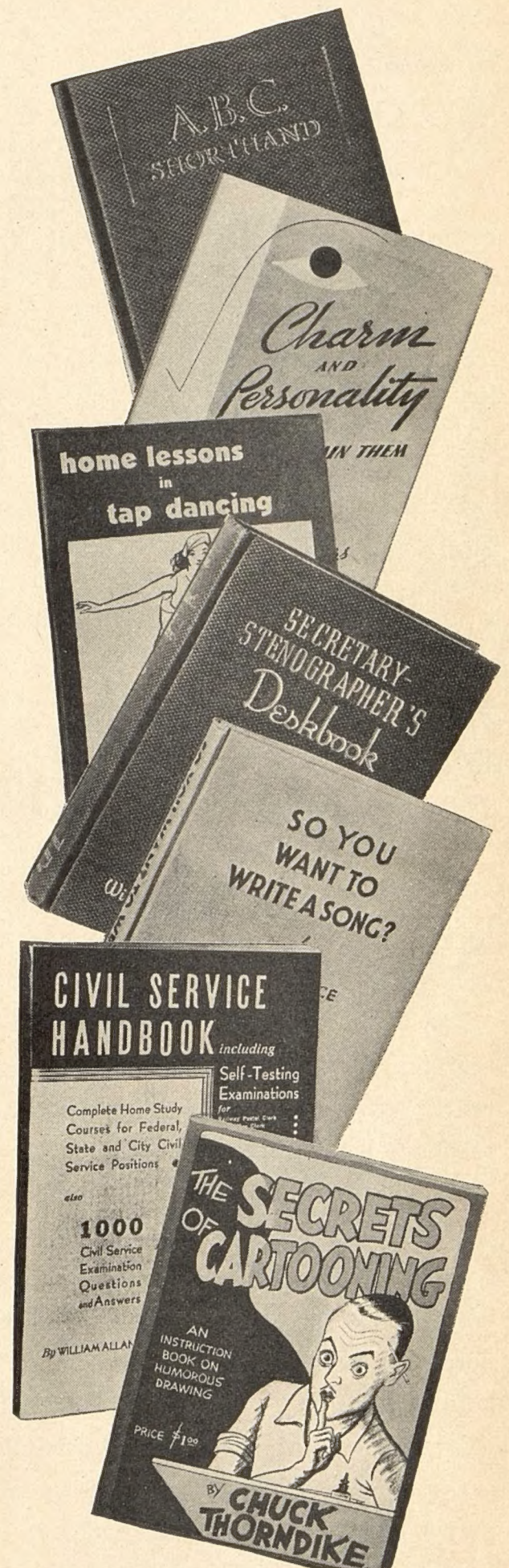
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It Happened In

KANSAS CITY, MO.—"It's a holdup," a stranger barked at Mrs. Mabel Morissey, restaurant manager. "I have no money," she said. The man peered into the empty till, then remarked: "That makes us even. I haven't any gun."

AMARILLO, TEX.—A man walked into a beauty shop and inquired as to the price of a permanent wave. The attendant told him to have his wife call, and they would see about it. "But," said the man, "the permanent is not for my wife; it's for me. You see, my wife just loves curly hair." They gave it to him.



MEDIA, PA.—A general alarm was broadcast when two prisoners at the Broad Meadows Prison Farm raced away in an automobile belonging to a guard.

But two hours later they drove calmly back into the prison yard.

"We were just making a road test to see if the car ran all right," they explained. "The guard asked us to fix the motor."

FISHERVILLE, VA.—Jasper Davis, winner of the title of "spittingest man in this district," has made a new record. Aided by a high wind, he scored a bull's-eye with tobacco juice at twelve feet nine inches.

HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

They say—

That Soviet Socialist economy is achieving enormously.

But—

Within the Soviet, their own press has been filled with attacks upon "the criminal disorder reigning in industrial production," and articles about "markets glutted with refuse merchandise."

"Sixteen years have passed since we 'liquidated' owners of glass factories and took production into our own hands. Yet we do not execute our plan of production and, year in, year out, we pro-



duce articles of absolutely inferior quality. Our glass is always greenish. Our manufactured articles are shapeless; one is ashamed to handle them. Take, for instance, our glass jars. They break when you pick them up. But our glass industry has just been overhauled and is supposed to have received new machinery." From a disgusted worker's letter published in *The Hammer*, an official party paper, issue of December, 1933.

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COVER PAINTED BY R. C. KAUFFMANN

DOES MRS. SIMPSON WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THE MARRIAGE?

Are you among those who will be disappointed if she doesn't? Or do you belong to the equally numerous group who will be sorry if she does?

Great Britain itself doesn't know what it wants. Officially, perhaps; but unofficially, sympathies and hopes are sharply divided.

HELEN WORDEN has just returned from England and Europe. She knows Mrs. Simpson and her intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers. She has also discussed this exciting romance with Constance Coolidge, a personal friend of Mrs. Simpson and a leader of those "exotics" so severely scored by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Miss Worden has also discussed the romance with the first Mrs. Simpson, living now quietly in New York.

Helen Worden has some vitally interesting things to say about this world-engrossing love story—things that you haven't heard before. And, what is more important, she hazards a shrewd guess or two about what the future may bring—whether the marriage goes through or not. You'll find this article in next week's *Liberty* one of the most enthralling you have read in some time.

POLYGAMY ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

Did you know that polygamy still exists in the United States and that it presents one of the strangest social problems facing the country at the present time?

Polygamy, introduced into Utah years ago, officially ceased there in the 1890s. But the roots that it threw out have not perished and still flourish, in spite of drastic laws aimed at their removal.

EDWARD DOHERTY has just completed a thorough investigation of this strange situation, an investigation which disclosed some startling—even threatening—conditions. Don't miss these thrilling revelations in *Liberty* next Wednesday.

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY TENNIS RIGHT

As in every sport, there's a right way and a wrong way to play tennis. Of all those qualified to speak with authority on this game, none is more fitted than HELEN WILLS MOODY.

A sparkling and informative article by her will appear in *Liberty* next week.

Other stories and articles by John Erskine, Harrison Forman, Robert Ormond Case, Frederick L. Collins, E. W. Chess, and others.



Mrs. Wallis Simpson

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Fifty-two half holidays —bought with a small down payment

THE DAY she got her washing machine was a red letter day in mother's life. It took the WASH-DAY "Blues" out of her calendar.

Monday is no longer her day of drudgery, of parboiled hands, skinned knuckles and an aching back from the hated washboard marathon. The new laundry equipment eliminates the labor . . . does the work in half the time. Her first payment bought her virtually fifty-two half-holidays a year.

Even the most considerate husbands may underestimate the exhausting character of housework, particularly where there are children. That may be why 14,000,000 wired homes are still without electric

washing machines . . . why millions more lack automatic refrigerators, heating equipment, air conditioning, modern cooking ranges and other labor saving appliances. It can't be wholly a question of money, because the very best of such things are reasonably priced and can be paid for a little at a time.

Commercial Credit Company time-payment plans have helped millions achieve greater comfort and attractiveness in the home. There's scarcely any important family need from motor car to radio, that the dealer can't finance for you through Commercial Credit Company, at terms you can be sure are fair. Why not investigate—and tell him you want Commercial Credit Company financing . . . the safe, low-cost plan.

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